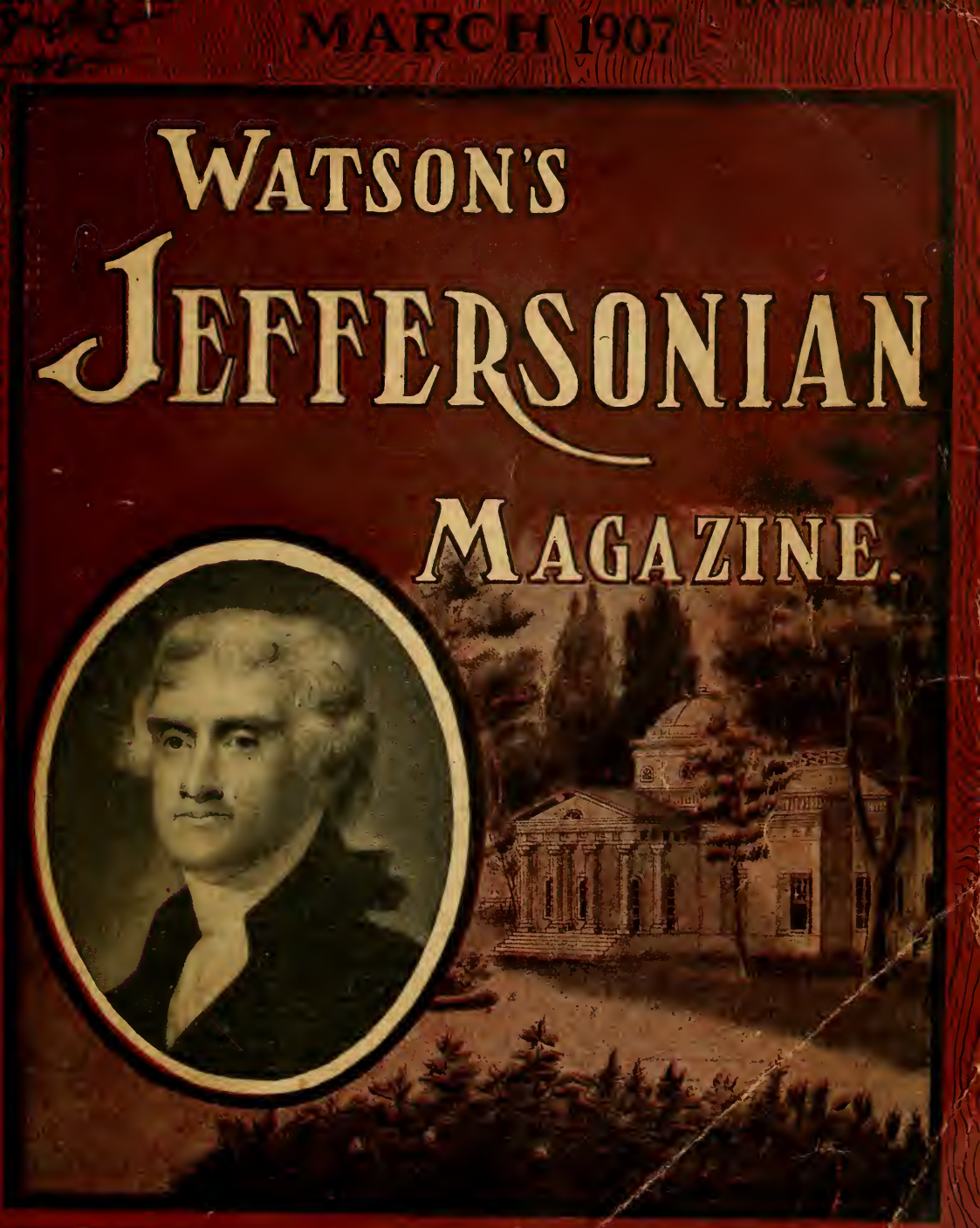
MARCH 1907

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.



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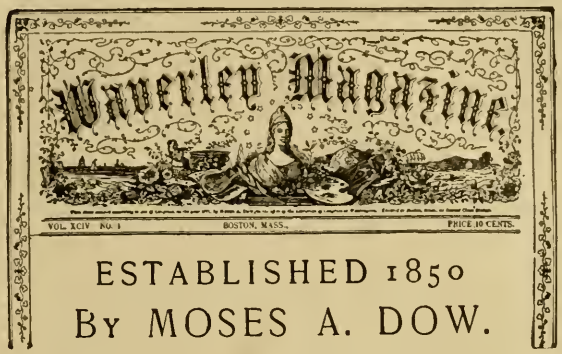

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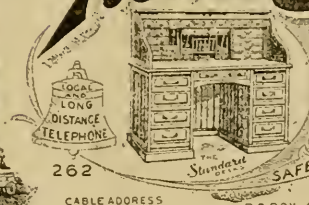

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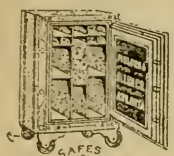

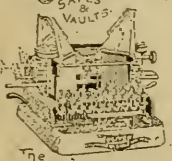

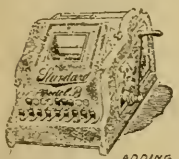

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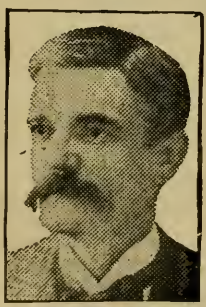
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THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 1. MARCH, 1907 No. 3

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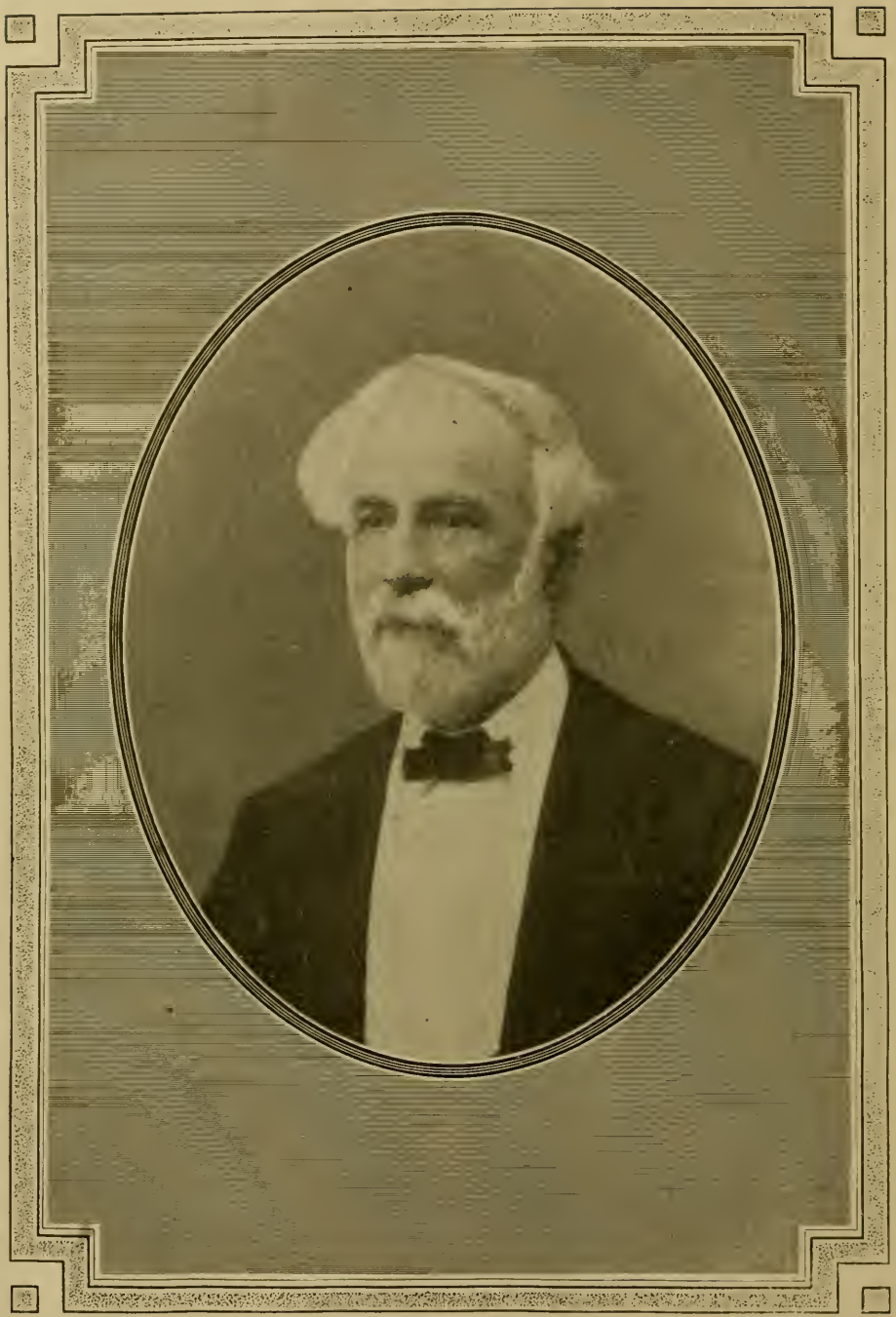


GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Editorials.

The Steel Trust and the Farmer.

Throughout the Union there are journalistic congratulations and jubilations over the record-breaking report of the Steel Trust for the year 1906. The total of the net earnings is $156,000,000.

That amount of money, representing the clear gain of *one* of our industrial trusts, *exceeds, by* $24,000,000, *the net earnings of all the agricultural classes in the union for the ten years from* 1890 *to* 1900.

During this ten years, there were from eight to ten million workers engaged *every year* in agricultural pursuits. The investment of capital *every year* was from $16,000,000,000 to $20,500,000,000. The number of farms upon which six million of agricultural laborers toiled was *every year* from four million to six million. The amount of produce, cotton, corn, wheat, cattle, dairy products, if expressed in figures would be so enormously large that they would make no distinct impression upon the human brain. It is sufficient to say that never before in the history of the human race were there such bountiful harvests.

Yet, according to the official report of the United States Government, these millions of toilers in agricultural pursuits, working on the millions of farms, could show a profit of only $132,000,000,—after allowing the same wages as those paid to workers in manufacturing industries. Whereas, *in the single year of* 1906, just *one* of our industrial trusts, *pampered by special favor, fattened at the expense of the unprivileged, protected from the competition of the outside world,* cleaned up a profit of $150,000,000.

Was there ever such a contrast between one industry and another as that which is thus made between the steel trust and the farmer?

The farmer sells without competition in all the world. The law does not give him any special privilege, or protection, nor can it ever effectually do so. Never has he asked any special privilege, favor, or exemption. On the other hand the Steel Trust represents the natural, inevitable, horrible outgrowth of our monstrous tariff system.

During the year 1904, the Steel Trust sold, abroad, its product to the extent of $32,000,000. The Chicago *Chronicle,* an organ of the Protectionists, but not of the Stand-patters, declares that the profit to the Steel Trust goods sold abroad was $4,000,000. It is also admitted by the *Chicago Chronicle* that these goods were *sold in the foreign market cheaper than they are sold to us, by twenty or forty per cent.* Yet the same authority declares that the profit to the steel trust on this foreign trade was 44 per cent. on the capital invested. The profit on the domestic trade is 80 per cent.

In other words, the Steel Trust is protected by the tariff from foreign competition. Yet it goes into the for-

eign market and sells to the agricultural classes of Central America, South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa *those goods which enable the foreign farmer to compete with the American farmer, and sells them at one-fourth less,*—sometimes one-third less—than is charged to the American farmer in the home market. *Thus the Steel Trust not only inflicts terrible injury upon the American farmer by robbing him to the extent of* 80 *per cent. clear profit upon the capital invested,* BUT GOES INTO THE FOREIGN MARKET AND BY GIVING THE FOREIGN COMPETITION OF THE AMERICAN FAR-

WILL THEY REACH THE SHORE?

MER REDUCED PRICES ON AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND DOZENS OF OTHER THINGS which must be used by farmers at home and abroad, PUTS THE FOREIGN FARMER IN A POSITION OF ADVANTAGE OVER THE AMERICAN FARMER.

In the name of the God of justice and right, is this thing to continue forever?

Upon what articles does the Steel Trust compel the farmer to pay such prices that the profit to the Steel Trust amounts to 80 per cent. upon the capital invested? I will mention just a few: There are those improved machines necessary now to the larger farms throughout the union. Mowers, reapers, horse rakes, separators, shredders, plows of all kinds, plow hoes of all kinds, weeding hoes of all kinds, the various garden and farm tools made from iron or steel. Then, of course, there are the chains, axes, the various kinds of wire used for fencing, or for any other purpose. nails, screws, rivets, iron rodding of all kinds, iron and steel bars of all kinds, sheet iron or steel of all kinds, hoop iron of all kinds. Then again every kind of boiler or engine, every kind of iron pipe, every kind of stove or range, every kind of iron or steel that goes into the makeup of wagon, cart, buggy, or carriage, every iron or steel furnishing in blacksmith shops, wood shops, machine shops; the andirons in the fire place, the shovel and tongs that lean up against the mantel; every kind of knife made of iron or steel, razors, scissors, shears, horse shoes, files, rasps, saws;—in fact, the thousand and one articles of constant necessity in the home and on the farm. Every time a farmer spends a dollar for these articles he is robbed of from 25 to 75 cents on the dollar.

Such favoritism in the making of the law, such discrimination on the part of the Government in favor of one class against another was never known before.

And the most appalling part of the business is that the situation grows worse, year by year. The Steel Trust not only means to keep the advantage it already has, but is constantly clamoring for more. At least one-half of the steel armored battle ships that have been built by this government during the last twenty years were built at the instance and for the benefit of such men as Carnegie and Frick and Schwab, the forerunners of the Steel Trust. At least one-half of the clamor now being raised for more battleships is the work of the Steel Trust—*hungering for more than 80 per cent clear profit,* Just how much would satisfy these insatiable monsters, God alone knows.

A few years ago the same gang of Wall Street marauders who have over capitalized our railroads to the extent of $7,000,000,000, merged the greater number of the steel plants into what is now known as the Steel Trust. Into this was poured water by the hundreds of millions of dollars. Not only were watered bonds issued to Carnegie and Frick and Schwab and Morgan, *but* $500,000,000 *of common stock was issued, representing nothing on God's green earth but paper, printers' ink, and ravenous greed for money.*

This stock was unloaded by J. P. Morgan and his fellow marauders upon a gullible public. Ever since that time the strain and struggle has been to *rob the consumer to such an extent as to make that watered stock earn a dividend for the holders.* Thus the consumer of the product of the Steel Trust throughout the union have been plundered remorselessly and methodically only to make good the rascal game of over capitalization.

In 1850, the entire South had slightly less wealth than the entire North. In 1860 the entire South had considerably more wealth than the entire North. *In fact, the entire South had outstripped the entire North by twelve billions of dollars.* Yet in all

that decade the South had been handicapped by the Walker Tariff which wrung from her a tribute of about 20 cents on the dollar for the benefit of the Northern Manufacturer. *In other words, during that ten year race the North had wings to her shoulders while the South had fetters upon her feet.* But as it was only a disadvantage of only one fifth of a dollar on each dollar, the South gave the North that much in the game and beat her badly.

How it is now? *The one State of Pennsylvania, the home of the Steel Trust, outstrips the entire South.*

That which is true of the Steel Trust is true also of the other monstrous corporations which have grown up in our protective system and which are reducing the agricultural classes and the unprotected consumers everywhere to utter, irretrievable ruin, yet strange to say, *there is not in the entire Congressional delegation which the South sends up to Washington every year a single statesman who seems to have realized what was going on or who has consecrated himself to the patriotic purpose of securing Justice for those whose industrial life is being crushed out of them by this* INHUMAN MONSTROSITY OF CLASS LEGISLATION.

Not Quite.

Never shall this pen, or any other, put into words the full glory of the message.

No artist's brush ever conveyed to canvas the painter's fairest dream.

No chisel ever made perfect in marble the vision as it appeared to the sculptor's brain.

Musician!—were they not beyond the power of your eager hands to catch and hold—those diviner harmonies that lifted your soul to the seventh heaven?

Orator!—did tongue and spoken word ever give to entranced hearers those strains of unuttered eloquence that stirred your very soul as you pondered upon your subject in the solitude of your room in the hush of the night?

Not *quite* can we ever make the Real take the form of the Ideal. Not quite is the *will* ever satisfied with the *Deed.*

Not quite is the work equal to the Conception, always there remains the something unattainable.

Strive as we may, something escapes us.

* * *

One day a friend of Thorwalsden, dropping into the Sculptor's studio, found him sad.

Asked what was the cause of his melancholy Thorwalsden replied:

"*My genius is gone.* Heretofore, when I tried to work out a Conception the statue was never up to the Ideal. But now this statue of Christ which I have just finished satisfies me, and *I know that I shall never have another great Conception.*"

And he was right. His genius *had* left him. He never *did* have another great Conception.

* * *

Oh, if it were but possible for one to dwell *always* in those upper regions of pure thoughts and noble aspirations!

I care nothing for Butler's Analogy, nor for any other ponderous book which strives to prove, by external evidence, that there is a God.

What better proof do I want that *somewhere,* in some form, there lives a *Power* which sends thrills of Happiness through me—emotions that shake every fibre of my being as the breezes shake the aspen leaves—*when I have done a good Deed?*

Don't try *from without* to convince me that there is a Supreme Being, of some sort, who will in some mysterious way sift the Right from the Wrong, the True from the False.

There is nothing *in the outside order of things* that will make out your case. You are born into the world as other animals are; you live or you die as other animals live or die; and Nature—remorseless, inscrutable, irresistible, monster that she is!—takes no more account of the best man on earth than of the worst.

Nature executes the law; woe unto you if you violate it!

Nature has no ear for the plea of the weak, no heart to be touched by human misery.

Nature slays a million human beings with Famine, Pestilence, Earthquakes, Sea-storms, freezing blasts of Winter,—as remorselessly as she kills disease-germs, flies and gnats.

* * *

Listen:

During the last days of January, the present year, a little girl lay in the agonies of Meningitis at Bellevue Hospital, New York.

The doctor was so keenly anxious about her, so bravely devoted to his task of saving her life if he could, that he hung over her bedside night and day.

At length, the crisis was safely met and the little girl commenced her journey back to health.

Overflowing with gratitude and joy, the little thing clasped her arms about the doctor's neck and kissed him.

And the embrace cost him his life.

For in her impulsive hug, her almost hysterical delight, the little girl's finger-nail gave the doctor a slight scratch on the neck.

Blood-poisoning set in, and now as the little girl comes back to light and life, the heroic doctor is on his way down the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

If Nature had a heart that was softer than granite, would she ever let a thing like that come to pass?

Such things happen at every tick of the clock.

Nature doesn't care.

* * *

Nature draws no distinction between the assassin and his victim; none between the beggar and the millionaire; none between the negro rapist and the white girl struggling frantically and vainly to escape a fate worse than death.

Nature looks on with eyes that see nothing; Nature works on, with ears that hear nothing.

Therefore, you search in vain in the outside world to find your proofs that a Supreme Being, of *Beneficent* intent, exists.

If you cannot prove it from within, you are lost.

And if you cannot prove it by that feeling of content, of joy, of happiness that glows within you *after* you have said the Good *Word*, after you have done the Good Deed—you cannot prove it at all.

No matter how much *Faith* you may have, you haven't any other Proof.

* * *

Not quite can the painter's art transfer to canvas the beautiful Thought which dwells in his mind.

Then *whence came that beauty which is too perfect to be reproduced by human skill?*

Not quite can the great Composer put into melodious notes those harmonies that enraptured his soul.

Then *whence came those harmonies, those celestial airs which inspired, yet somewhat eluded, the divine genius of Handel and Beethoven and Schubert and Mozart?*

Not quite can the speaker or the writer catch and cage in spoken or written word those sublime Thoughts which came into his solitude, when all the outer world was still, and lifted

his soul into a higher, purer, lovelier, diviner world.

Then *whence came those Thoughts that carried him to the mountain top and bade him look down upon all the world below?*

From *within,* comes the conviction that there must be somewhere a loftier life than we poor imperfect creatures can live, and that somewhere there is *perfect* Beauty, *perfect* Melody, *perfect* Truth and *perfect* Good.

From some better world must come these better things.

* * *

Some day it may be that the Angel of Beauty which has so long inspired the artist will whisper to him, "*Put the brush away. Turn the canvas to the wall. Come with me.*"—And that which is best in him will be glad to go.

Some day it may be that the Spirit of Music which has been the companion soul of the Composer will say, "*Sister Spirit! Come away.*"—And the twin souls will seek together the world in which there is no discordant sound.

Some night the radiant Thought that visits me here in my solitude may say to me—

"*It is finished,—Come!*—and that which is best in me will be glad to go.

Merely Incidental.

Our War Department is much worried because young men are not enlisting.

The authorities marvel at this phenomenon sagely wagging the military head. The said authorities cannot understand the thing at all, but vaguely hint that General Prosperity and an outrageous increase of wages, wealth, comfort, and so forth, keep the young men away from that fascinating military life which seems so satisfactory to said authorities.

But is it fascinating *to the enlisted man?*

Is the temptation *irresistible* to become an officer's slave on a battleship, or Discipline's slave in the barracks?

* * *

Did you read how they shot and killed the poor fellow who was trying to steal out of Bamburg to visit his sick mother on Christmas Eve? *That was his crime,* AND DISCIPLINE SHOT SIX BULLETS THROUGH HIS HEART.

While you were buying Christmas gifts for children and friends that evening, and while every member of the family who could possibly do so was hurrying home for Christmas, this poor soldier boy was irresistibly tempted.

To slip out of the barracks, to steal off in the night, to speed away to the old home; to burst in upon the loved ones with beaming face and merry words, to lift the sick mother in his arms and hug her once more and kiss the withered cheeks, and help her back to health with the powerful tonic of love and joy; to grip the glad old father's hand, to embrace the sweet little sister—all this was in the poor boy's heart and mind, as he slipped out from the barracks and turned his feet homeward.

Alas! they did not take him home!

Vigilant sentries, unerring aim, flashes that ripped the darkness, and a dead man on the ground—*his heart's blood puddling there beneath him.*

DISCIPLINE VINDICATED, you see.

* * *

Take that other scene:

The United States Battleship, the *Ohio,* is coaling at the New York Navy Yard.

John J. Hickey, of Portsmouth, Va., comes to the officer in command,

Lieut. Commander McDonald, and requests shore leave.

It is December 21, and the wife and children of the enlisted man, Hickey, are in New York. They have come all the way from their home in Portsmouth to get a Christmas hug and kiss—and to give one.

The husband, Hickey, tells McDonald why he wants to go ashore. His wife has come from the Virginia home to visit him; his children are there in New York eagerly waiting to greet the father whom they have not seen for many a weary month.

How much time did Hickey ask for, Brother?

Only two hours!

Just one hundred and twenty minutes for a Christmas reunion with wife and children!

It seems to me that the very devils in hell would have been ashamed to deny this man.

But McDonald wasn't.

He remembered that the ship was coaling, that the rules forbade shore-leave while the ship was coaling; *and he denied the man.*

Not only denied him, but had him *put in irons* and flung down to the prison room of the ship.

Why did McDonald have Hickey put in irons?

Because he did not take McDonald's refusal to allow him two hours to see his wife and children *"with good grace."*

Because he showed his heart-broken disappointment; because he did not smile an *"Aye, Aye, Sir,"* when the cold-hearted tyrant forbade him to meet that group of loved ones who had come up from Virginia to pay him a Christmas visit—he, the enlisted man, must be made to feel the power of the officer in command.

So he was ironed—*and he died in irons.*

The raging passions aroused by this horrible harshness, the bitter pangs of grief and mortification at not being allowed to see the wife who was so near—the children whom he had been so sure of having in his arms—overcame the man; and when they went down to his prison that night he was lifeless.

The doctor pronounced it "Heart-Disease."

So do I.

Heart-disease caused by such brutality of treatment as disgraces the service, *unless McDonald be brought to punishment for his crime.*

The pretext that shore-leave could not be granted because the ship was coaling is the flimsiest subterfuge. Even though the ship *were* coaling, any man of common sense knows that there would have been no tragedy had the officer merely reminded the man of the rule, and *promised him two hours shore-leave when the coaling should have been finished.*

Pity this victim of Militarism. Pity his wife. Pity the orphaned children.

How their eyes must have danced with anticipated pleasure as they went up from Portsmouth to New York!

How those eyes must have been swollen with weeping as they went down from New York to Portsmouth!

Lieutenant Commander McDonald doubtless ate his Christmas turkey with a good appetite and a clear conscience. Doubtless he is a man of family, and warmed his heart afresh in the embraces of his wife and children.

In Hickey's home, it was different.

Hickey's lifeless body had been kindly shipped to his wife, and the lips which Hickey's wife kissed—the hands which Hickey's little ones clung to as the wail of orphanage smote the ear—were colder than marble can be.

Murdered by ill usage!

Murdered by cruel treatment!

Murdered to vindicate Authority!

Murdered with an unfeeling atrocity that should have shamed a savage!

When they denied him two hours to give Christmas greeting to his waiting wife—who had come so far to get it—he failed to become cheerful over it. Perhaps he muttered, and stood there remonstrating.

"Call the Master-at-arms! Put this man in irons!" thundered the great McDonald.

They ironed him at noon, caged him below, and left him alone—alone in his misery, alone in his grief, alone in his frantic struggles to free himself, alone in his despair, alone in his convulsive sobs.

And when they came at night to see what his state might be, he was dead.

"Heart-disease," said the Doctor.

So it was.

Under similar conditions, here is another man who would have died the same way.

Hence, my eyes are dim when I think of this poor fellow and I have no words which expresses the scorn, the utter loathing and detestation that I feel for McDonald.

He belongs to the same breed of brutes that, in the German Army, *spit in the enlisted man's face to test his conception of the word* OBEDIENCE.

Yet, the War Department marvels because of the fact that enlistments are falling off.

The real marvel is that any sane man enlists at all.

Break Away From Party Bondage.

Have we a greater man than John Wesley?

He struggled with might and main, —from the time he was an Oxford College boy until the snows of eighty-one years rested upon his noble head, —*to get reform inside the Episcopal Church.*

His failure to do so was hopelessly complete.

Then, at last, he gave up his life-long effort to do the impossible, and set up an independent Methodist Church.

Yet you Democrats keep on yawping *"Let us get Reform inside the Democratic Party."*

And you Republicans, who are at heart in rebellion against the infamous regime of the Stand-patters, continue to prate, *"Let us get Reform inside the Republican Party."*

* * *

John Huss sought Reform inside the Church,—and lost his life, without bringing about any reforms.

Similar was the fate of Savonarola.

But Luther went outside the Church, and set up an independent movement. Thus he not only established a purer and diviner worship, but compelled the Catholic Church to purge itself and lead a better life.

* * *

In France, all the efforts of the great statesman Turgot to work out Reform *from within* met with failure. Futile, likewise, were the utmost efforts of Necker.

Reform had to come from without. So case-hardened were the pets of Special Privilege,—lay and clerical,—that it took the lighting of Revolution to level the walls of Caste.

* * *

In England it was the Independent movement of Richard Cobden and John Bright that struck down the Corn Laws, and gave to Great Britain the Freedom of Trade which has made her the Commercial Mistress of the world.

* * *

Reform inside either of the corrupt,

TOOTLE TE TOOT—
VOTE THE
PARTY NAME
POLITICIAN
I'M HERE
VOTERS
GIT IN LINE.
SEE!
BOSS
SURE
VOTE ER
STRAIGHT
BOSS
SURE
LINE UP
THERE
BOSS

class-ridden parties is a self-evident absurdity.

Jefferson smashed the semi-royalism of the Federalists with an Independent Movement.

Jackson dethroned King Caucus and the rule of the Bank Ring by organizing a break-away appeal to the masses.

If we ever wring *equal rights for all* out of the greedy clutches of the exploiters of *Special Privilege,* we've got to have *a common ground upon which the Reformers of all* parties can come together.

And that makes necessary an Independent movement of *some* kind.

Editorial Notes.

If any other nation would like to be fed by one of our battleships, let it by all means, speak out.

It seems to be a part of the business of our steel battle-tubs to carry victuals around to the needy.

On the whole, I am inclined to be very happy over this fact.

If each one of these unwieldly steel tubs would throw overboard all their cans of powder and ball, dynamite, torpedoes, and other deadly paraphernalia, and should load up with ham, potatoes, eggs, chickens, cold storage beef, coffee, tea, molasses and sugar, and make it a business to hunt for Jamaicas and Martiniques, the world would be vastly better off.

* * *

Swettenham was elected a scapegoat.

Swettenham was the Governor of Jamaica.

In the simplicity of his heart, he believed that he represented the English Government and that, when his little old island was taken possession of by the armed forces of another nation, it was his duty to vindicate English authority by ejecting the intruders.

I am free to say that if I had been Governor of Jamaica, that is exactly what I would have thought was my duty in the premises. Before the armed naval or military forces of any other country were landed on that island, I should have thought that, as Governor, my consent should have been obtained.

Poor Swettenham. He was just as big a fool as I would have been had I been in his position and he in mine.

But the English Government was just as willing to have Uncle Sam feed those negroes down there at Jamaica as France had been to have Uncle Sam feed those negroes down at Martinique a few years ago.

Inasmuch as Great Britain cannot for the life of her foretell when she will have another lot of negroes or of white subjects who need to be fed, she naturally does not wish to give offense to Uncle Sam.

Consequently, Swettenham has been cashiered. And thus, all English Governors throughout the world have been put upon notice that just as long as Uncle Sam wants to feed English blacks and English whites, they, the said Governors, are not to object.

This is very sensible of Great Britain.

* * *

That was a heavy slam which my friends, the Socialists, got in Great Britain.

There was an extra meeting of the delegates representing labor unions, throughout the country, and a vote was taken as to whether organized labor would declare in favor of Socialism. 830,000 votes were cast against the Socialists and consider-

ably less than 100,000 in favor of them.

Thus, in England as well as in Germany, these blatant agitators have been sat upon with ponderous emphasis.

* * *

The Chiefs of the Roman Catholic Heirarchy in New York called the faithful together on the night of January 27th in a grand demonstration against the French Government.

Of course, very many indignant gentlemen, eloquently expressed their indignation. Of course, many foolish things were said and of course, many things were said that are not true.

The French Government was held up to public condemnation upon the ground that it was acting like Herod, like Nero and like several other unamiable characters.

All of this is very absurd.

The French Government has simply done what ought to have been done long ago—decreed a separation between Church and State and intimated to the Pope that hereafter the State intended to govern itself in all civil matters without any partnership with the Church.

* * *

President Roosevelt did a manly and proper thing in putting the Democrats of Oklahoma upon notice that they could not expect his approval of a Constitution which deprived the railroads of the proposed new State of the right to protect their property with pickets or otherwise, during the times of labor strikes.

Why should not a railroad corporation have as much right to protect its property as a natural citizen has to protect his?

What is the dfference in principle? None whatever.

Sometimes the cowardice of politicians in truckling to this vote, that vote, and the other vote is utterly sickening.

No true friend of labor would ever think that he could benefit the cause of the toiling masses by claiming for them special privileges which they don't need and shouldn't have.

Labor unions must be led by men who teach the toilers to respect law, order, property and individual rights of every sort.

* * *

The famine in China seems to be spreading and it threatens calamities that will appall the world.

If our naval charity fund has not been exhausted by the demands made upon it by the French island of Martinique and the British island of Jamaica, perhaps, it might be well for our war tubs to sail into China's waters and hand out rations.

They seem to be needed much worse in China than they were needed in Martinique or Jamaica.

* * *

The Socialists in Germany got a sharp call down in the recent elections.

The sensible voters of the empire roused themselves to action and put these crazy people back about fifteen years.

Socialism, in theory, is the dream of doctrinaries who are ignorant of the elemental traits of human nature.

Socialism, as most of its advocates really mean it, seeks the confiscation of all private property and the letting in of everybody on equal terms to the enjoyment of the general estate.

No matter what they *say,* that's what they *mean.*

The average Socialist hates the man who has been a success in life and who has accumulated some property.

The average Socialst wants to confiscate your title to your property and to come into the enjoyment of it upon equal terms with you.

Such a doctrine needs only to be understood to be rejected.

Lon Livingston dares the New York Cotton Exchange to sue him for libel.

Brave Lon!

Would not the New York Stock Exchange cut a pretty figure suing Lon Livingston for libel!

The efforts of the brave Lon to stand in with the farmers whom he has so long neglected in his Congressional career is pathetic as well as ridiculous.

He has been in office constantly for the last seventeen years and there is not a line on the statute book in behalf of the farmers that Livingston has put there.

Worse than that, he has never tried. But he has been a mighty good little Congressman for the Southern railroad. He helped them swing that one hundred thousand dollar steal under the name of mail subsidy just about as regularly as Congress met.

* * *

Harvie Jordan still draws pictures in his *Cotton Journal* showing how the bears are in full flight and the farmers in full chase, armed with axes, pitch-forks and knives.

When I turn from the picture and look at the market report, I find that it's the bear that is chasing the farmer.

Prices go down with a shameless disregard of Harvie Jordan's pictures.

If Harvie Jordan and Lon Livingston believe that the condition of the farmer can be improved without changing the laws which allow the exploiters of special privileges to rob him of two or three billion dollars every year, they are a pair of "babes in the wood" that ought to have guardians appointed.

The truth of it is that Lon Livingston and Harvie Jordan are both just about as shrewd a pair of men as you would find in a day's hunt and what they are doing is in the interest of the protected classes.

They want to call off public attention from the outrageous manner in which laws have been framed in the interest of the favored few at the expense of the agricultural millions.

* * *

Obe Stephens, one of our ornamental railroad commissioners, says that he is going to find out the true condition of our railroads in Georgia if he has to walk every mile of the track himself.

Glory Hallelujah!

There are mighty few politicians who can feel the public pulse with greater deftness than the said Obe Stephens.

The fact that he now declares his undying resolution to join those who are determined to compel the railroads of this State to spend more of their net earnings in the improvement of the property, simply shows that brother Stephens knows which way the cat is going to jump.

It will not be necessary for this genial old gentleman to foot it from one end of the railroad system to the other.

We'll find out the facts for him. We will establish the proof of the shameful situation and leave no doubt upon the minds of Commissioners, Legislators, and Courts that the present management of the railroads in Georgia has had for its motto the heartless sacrifice of everything and everybody to the controlling purpose of earning dividends to be sent to a few monster blood suckers in New York.

* * *

The President of the Republic of Mexico is a man who knows how to do things.

Recently he became aroused to the fact that American capitalists had secured control of the Mexican Central Railroad, and were reaching out to gobble up all the other Mexican roads, with the object of merging and consolidating as they have done in the United States.

President Diaz did not contemplate the prospect with satisfaction.

He did not want Mexicans slaughtered by the tens of thousands as he has seen our railroads slaughter people.

He acted quickly and effectively, and prevented what he knew would be an overwhelming calamity to Mexico.

What did he do?

He simply had the Mexican Government buy a controlling interest in every one of the Mexican roads.

In this simple, practical way he adopted what is substantially government ownership of the railroads.

It is his purpose to consolidate all the various roads into one company with a capital of $225,000,000.

How easy it would be for us to do the same thing. By issuing $1,000,000,000 in treasury notes, we could buy a controlling interest in certain leading railroads and thus compel every other railroad corporation in America to sell out a controlling interest to the Government at such reasonable prices as might be reached by mutual agreement, or by some fair method of appraisement.

* * *

A Tennessee man by the name of Oliver has secured the contract to build the Panama Canal. President Roosevelt awarded him the work because his was the lowest bid.

How different Mr. Roosevelt's action was to that of Secretary Bonaparte a few months ago.

It will be remembered that the government advertised for bids on new battleships.

The Steel Trust offered the highest bid and an independent company offered the lowest bid.

Instead of awarding the contract to the lowest bidder, Secretary Bonaparte gave half the work to the highest bidder—the Trust. This was a shameful violation of law and of the principles of justice. The consequence, of course, will be that the government will never get any more competitive bids on contracts involving work of that character. Rival companies to the Steel Trust will know that it is useless to try to compete with a concern which is able to take the work out of their hands even when their bid is the lowest.

* * *

In raising their salaries to $7,500 per year, Congress disgusted the entire country—not because of what was done but because of the manner in which it was done.

The House of Representatives shirked a vote which would have placed upon the Congressional Record the names of those who voted to increase their own pay.

As a matter of fact, it was disgraceful for the present members of Congress to increase their own pay at all. There would have been no serious objection, perhaps, had they simply passed a bill to take effect two years hence when the new Congress comes in.

To have increased the salaries so that members elected hereafter should get the benefit of it, would have made the impression that Congress was sincere and unselfish in its course.

But to pass a bill increasing their *own* pay, and to pass it in a way which suggested the methods of a sneak thief was shameful in the highest degree.

The record states that fifty members of the House of Representatives voted against the increased salary. The names are not given.

When the various constituencies two years hence get after the members of the Lower House, each one of the gentlemen who were called upon to defend themselves will swear vigorously that *he* was one of the fifty.

Thus, we shall probably have a couple of hundred of gentlemen claiming to belong to the virtuous fifty.

The Genesis of the National Campaign of 1896.

Leading up to the Convention and the First Nomination of William Jennings Bryan.

By Charles Standish Collins, of Little Rock, Ark.

THE lecture of William Jennings Bryan on "The Value of an Ideal" recalls, to a few non-partisans in the secret, the true history of the genesis of the campaign of 1896, which has never come to be public property. This is naturally so for two reasons. First: all of the great publications had passed into the hands of "The System." Second; as a rule, the movement, which came to its climax at Chicago on July 6, 1896, when Bryan delivered what has been commonly called "The Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech, were citizens of more or less prominence, but who, neither before nor after that campaign, were office-holders or seekers. Hence, when the struggle ended in defeat, they returned to their usual avocations and have been lost sight of insofar as the general public is concerned. Nevertheless, the incidents here to be related are *facts*. *Facts* are history. When known, they constitute one of the most interesting chapters in American political annals.

In the summer of 1894 the situation was as follows:—

The Populist party, which had been called into existence under the leadership of Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, was in fact, if not the father of the movement about to take place in the Democratic party, its elder and wiser brother. Its leaders and voters were formerly of both of the old parties, who had taken no active agency in party management, who had discovered that there had come into existence in our government, as the result of a series of conspiracies, a condition of things which promised nothing but perpetual financial slavery to the common people and producers of our country, a condition which has since culminated in the "System," disclosed and ventilated by Thomas Lawson in "Frenzied Finance." As early as 1890, they began an earnest study of party history and claimed to have discovered that, beginning with the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati, in 1880, where W. C. Whitney (afterwards a member of Cleveland's cabinet,) and others, not only advocated, but resorted to bribery to secure the nomination of Payne, of Ohio, a Standard Oil magnate, as Democratic Presidential Candidate, that party, throughout its entire machinery, had come to be controlled by "The System." They therefore urged upon all those who believed in the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson, of whatever political party, to join them in an effort

to organize a third party through which the people could secure a "square deal." They took the position that this was impossible in the Democratic machine; that no effort to take possession of it, however successful, could inspire confidence and unite the reform forces in harmonious union. Without this confidence, victory would be impossible.

On the other hand, hundreds of thousands of Democrats, while believing in the principles advocated by Watson and his followers, recognizing them as the essence of true democracy, were still devoted to the historic organization with which they had so long associated. They dreamed that a movement might be inaugurated whereby the people might, not only take possession of the next National Convention and write its platform, but appropriate the machinery of the party and purge it of the corrupting and treasonable influences to which it was subject, which excused, if it did not justify, the position assumed by the advocates of a third party movement. They fondly hoped that, this accomplished, notwithstanding in 1892 the Populists had cast a popular vote of two millions or more, relying upon the intelligence and patriotism of the members of that party, perfect confidence would be restored; that not only would its voters return with the many thousands who had joined them from the ranks of the Republican party, but the hundreds of thousands of Republicans who were Jeffersonian and not Hamiltonian in doctrine, would "enlist in the army." Thus would the people "come into their own." The old organization, after weathering the storms of a quarter of a century, would be preserved. This, they urged would be better than the dangerous experiment of forming a new party. In this, relentless history has shown that they were wrong in policy and those under the leadership of Watson were right. This was the situation in the summer of 1894. The people, since the passage of the Sherman Act, repealing the Bland-Allison law, followed by the treachery of Cleveland and his second cabinet, in making war on silver and in establishing that infamy "the endless chain," had been reduced, temporarily at least, to abject poverty. The movement proposed was without a leader, for it embraced the idea, as a matter of *policy,* of retiring office-holders and professional politicians, and of bottoming the movement upon the people alone, led by the people, after a tremendous campaign of education as to the issues and dangers involved. In this, the difficulties presented a herculean task, calculated to fill with despair men not inspired with the spirit of martyrs. There were no great publications, either Republican or, so-called, Democratic, whose columns were not both closed, and prepared to suppress and misrepresent, and to abuse, ridicule and denounce anyone daring to oppose the "System" which had appropriated their stock as a feature of its war on the common people and mendaciously assumed the honorable title of "Conservative business men." The sole form of publication that could be reached, was a system of Populist country papers, and some of the Democratic country press, of limited circulation, that had not been "seen." This, with resort to pamphlets and personal correspondence, seemed to be the only remaining weapons with which to enter a conflict with an enemy with unlimited resources; a conflict which, in advance, was known, by those entering it, would dwarf every preceding political battle in our history. Bryan was unknown. William Hope Harvey, or "Coin's Financial School" and the "Tale of Two Nations" had never been heard of. Such was the situation when the movement, here to be set

down in order, which, in some of its phases, both intellectual and moral, has had no parallel since Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and which has only been a secret because of the deliberate system of suppression alluded to, was about to begin.

William Hope Harvey, a young man from Virginia, had been living in Colorado, engaged in the real estate business. When the ruinous shrinkage in values, precipitated by the Sherman Act of 1889 and Cleveland's subsequent perfidy, drove millions into bankruptcy, and brought about that long period of misery foreshadowed by Carlisle's speech in 1879, which was not called a "panic" by the "System" because it was the common people and not the dollars that suffered, Harvey went down in the wreck and found himself "land poor." Endowed with an exceedingly bright mind, he addressed himself to the study of the causes of a misery apparently so unnecessary in a land of plenty. Arriving at what he was convinced was the cause (and how he has been vindicated in this later day, by those who one time blindly denounced him, at the prompting of the "System," described in "Frenzied Finance,") he wrote two books entitled "Coin's Financial School" and "The Tale of Two Nations." In the latter, he foreshadowed the coming leader of the forces in the character of "the young congressman from Nebraska." Later, when the world rang with the fame of these books, and the people awoke from the long sleep, into which they had been hypnotized, it was known that this was WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. Therefore, it can be justly said that William Hope Harvey laid the foundation of that marvelous campaign of education, thwarting, by indirection, the muzzled press and reaching the people in spite of the mighty power of corrupt money. He first pointed out the mistakes of the professional politicians whom he, thus early, when no political campaign was on, put aside their selection and called attention to the man who was to be the ordained leader and candidate, equipped by nature physically, intellectually and morally for the task. How marvelously this prophetic selection has been vindicated with the process of the suns! Through storms and struggle and apparent defeat, which would not only have broken the spirit, driven from his equipoise, but would have overwhelmed the physical strength of any other than an extraordinary man, he has risen higher and higher above circumstances, winning the respect, confidence and love of those, who, unadvisedly, opposed him, until today, after ten years, he is loved and respected by his fellow citizens of all parties who honor and trust him, whether they agree with him as to political economy or not, and recognize in him a citizen who, taken altogether, has had no superior since Washington left his wonderful legacy, the fruit of *his* own character, to the toilers of the world. This was Harvey's prophetic selection. *Reread the book.*

Arriving at Chicago with his manuscripts, among others, Mr. Harvey met Judge W. H. Miller, an old and retired Democratic lawyer of some little means. A more unselfish, a more lovable, old-fashioned Jacksonian Democrat, no aspirant for office, loving his fellow man, willing to sacrifice and serve without reward except such as comes from an approving conscience, has never lived in this country. Peace to his memory. Presenting his views and plans to him and other sympathizers and obtaining their co-operation, they formed at once, *The Chicago Silver Club.* This was *the first Silver Club.* It became the parent of hundreds and thousands of similar clubs all over the Nation, especially South and West.

Offices were taken in the Fort Dearborn building, and a company formed to essay the launching of Coin's Financial School and its companion, "upon the troubled waters of an unfriendly world." The movement was ridiculed by those, unconsciously, the paid mouthpieces of the "interests" which have now come to be designated as "The Standard Oil System" or "Frenzied Finance." Though able and intellectual and, though men of high character, such were the then conditions, that they were with little or no means. Unless the publications met with early success, the effort would be a failure by reason of poverty. For several editions the movement was attempted, but met with little encouragement. The concern was bankrupt, and the band of patriots in Fort Dearborn building were broken in spirit and discouraged. One evening in August, 1894, Mr. Harvey called Judge Miller into his private office, and a conversation, pregnant with after results, took place.

The following is its substance:

Mr. Harvey: "Judge Miller, I wish to talk with you personally because you are the only one in our club with any means. I know you haven't much and are an old man. I do not think I ought to trouble you. However, I am sure that you, like me, are profoundly interested and alarmed on account of the conditions existing in our country, and I will do so. We are bankrupt. I owe for several months rent of these offices with not a penny to pay. Our circulation has failed. Our editions have been published at a loss. There is but one thing to do. If I cannot procure a loan of $2,500 from you to square accounts and print another edition, I will close up these offices and return at once, to the wilderness. If you do this you will have no security except my personal note."

Judge Miller: "Mr. Harvey, I am an old man, over seventy-five years of age. I have no one but my dear wife. We have but little, though sufficient for our comfort until the end. But I love my country and so does my dear wife. I will consult her and see you in the morning."

In the morning Judge Miller walked up to Mr. Harvey's desk and, laying $2,500 before him, with tears in his eyes said: "My wife says that she loves her country, and that I must let you have the money; that God will take care of us; that you must publish your new edition, and that, day and night, she will pray to her God to carry its gospel to the people."

The edition was published.

This was in August, 1894. In the meantime, agitation had been going on all over the country; mainly stimulated by Thomas E. Watson and other leaders of the third party movement. In the great State of Texas such an organization had been secured that it became apparent that, unless the reform movement in the Democrat party took definite and radical shape, the State would be lost to that party. In Arkansas, the Populist movement, under the leadership of Thomas Fletcher and others, had rapidly developed, and, through its reform country press, was educating the people. Coin, however, was not known. The real awakening had not come. The sleeping giant was only stirring. The writer, at that time, had his law office in a building in Little Rock, also occupied by a number of prominent Democratic lawyers. Much discussion was naturally indulged in as to the situation, but nothing definite contemplated until one evening, he, according to habit, stopped at the bookstore of George B. Allis, a life-long Republican, to look over the books. Mr. Allis came up to him, and handing him a little paper-back book entitled, "Coin's Financial School," said, "Here is a book that

was sent us through the mails. I took it home last night and read it. It strikes me as something extraordinary. I don't know whether I am foolish now or have been fooled all my life. I wish you would read it and tell me whether I am crazy now or have been crazy all my life, and only now coming to my senses." He read the book that night, not only once, but twice, and returned to the office, in the morning, saturated with it. During the day it was read by others, and this resulted in a called meeting that night at the office of Judge W. S. McCain. No one was present of the political class. Col. J. T. W. Tillar, W. S. McCain, Col. John B. Jones, S. S. Wassell, James M. Stewart, and a half dozen others, and it was agreed to sign a call for a meeting to form a non-partisan Silver Club similar to The Chicago Silver Club. The call was published the following morning, and, at a meeting the following night over forty names, Democrats, Populists and Republicans, signed the roll. J. T. W. Tillar was made President, George R. Brown, Secretary, and an Executive Committee, of which C. S. Collins was Chairman, was formed. Among the active members were T. W. Wilson, E. B. Kinsworthy, David W. Carroll, T. J. Oliphint, J. E. Calloway, John Barrow, J. S. Whiting, John H. Tuohey, R. J. Pillow, John S. Braddock, J. H. Hamiter, D. W. Jones, J. C. Barrow, Guy E. Thompson, J. T. Beal, J. H. Carmichael, Frank Carl, George L. Basham, James M. Stewart, James A. Gray, John B. Jones, S. S. Wassell, H. F. Auten, J. H. Cherry, G. W. Murphy, J. G. Leigh and two hundred others. An extraordinary resolution was passed, signed personally by the officers and members, not only asking, but begging citizens everywhere, as they loved their country, to send for and read "Coin's Financial School." The resolution gave the address and terms. It was so worded as to attract attention to the unusual course of prominent private citizens interesting themselves so vitally in the circulation of a book. The Club also gave a large order for free circulation, a policy afterwards followed by hundreds of similar clubs, organized all over the Nation. This resolution was published in the papers. Harvey at once seized the opportunity it presented. He has told me that the copy sent George Allis was one of Mother Miller's "forlorn hope" edition. He at once struck off a million copies of the resolutions and sent them broad-cast. Almost immediately the *tide turned.* Orders poured in by the thousands until it taxed the energies of every one, and absorbed one entire printing establishment, from cellar to garret, and made a circulation superior to any one book ever published in this country. The Little Rock Silver Club became the progenitor of a multitude of the same faith and order in the South and West.

The *"Campaign of Education"* was now open in full cry. It was no longer in the power of a throttled press to prevent the common people from hearing, and the "System" must adopt some other line of policy to check the rising tide. The movement involved every plank in the Chicago platform which, when written, "said what it meant and meant what it said." Although the original silver clubs were non-partisan, they were principally composed of Democrats, and the word was passed around that, when the primaries came on, they would be converted into "Democratic bimetallic leagues;" and, whenever necessary, they would oust the regular organization, (where it proved treacherous), in their effort to control the national convention, its platform and its candidates. How they succeeded in this was evidenced at the Coliseum, when the sun broke through the clouds, when the "Nebraska

treason'' was thwarted and Bryan, at the head of his loyal delegation, marched in, and, by his presence and power as a leader, dominated that great convention shaming into silence those who were there, as usual, to betray and misdirect the only party the people could claim as their own, and thus deprive them, as they had done before, of, what President Roosevelt has aptly called, a ''Square Deal.''

Following the organization of the SECOND SILVER CLUB, intimate relations were at once established between it and The Chicago Club. Correspondence was continuous. George R. Brown, the secretary of the Little Rock Silver Club, was in control of an evening paper known as the Little Rock *Evening Press*. It was, however, without the *Associated Press* dispatches. That monopoly, controlled by the money power through ownership of its stock, closed its doors on any publication placed under its ban by ''The System.'' It seemed impossible to maintain it upon anything like a paying basis. He voluntarily made it the organ of the club. Its leading editorials for months were largely the product of its executive committee. That they were ''hot stuff'' one need only examine the files of that time to be convinced. The business office of the paper became the means of circulating many thousand copies of ''Coin'' and ''The Tale of Two Nations'' and other publications later issued by the Coin Publishing Co., contributing, directly and indirectly, to this singular and novel effort to defeat the methods of the ''System'' in keeping intelligence from the people. In the meantime Bryan, though not yet mentioned as a probable candidate, had become. in a way, identified, by correspondence and otherwise, with the Chicago Club and its connections. His home was in Nebraska. A State always Republican. Certainly not Democratic. It had not entered into his wildest dream that, in so short a time, he would head, as its leader, the true Democracy of the nation. He was but thirty-four years of age. He was simply looked upon as a brilliant and able worker in the cause. But, as habit had universally assumed that, to be a national candidate, one must come from some of the greater States in which his party was in control, no one, excepting a limited few, who were looking for ''thou art the man'' and who cared nothing for *locality*, had, as yet, associated him with leadership. Those few only in confidential council. The ''educational campaign,'' which is here only imperfectly described, increased in intensity for more than a year. It was a singular situation. No canvass was on. No candidates were out for office stirring the people. But the people were suffering, and everywhere, all over the great West and South, meetings were held in town and country. There was no way to account for the zeal, energy and self-sacrifice on the part of those in the lead, except upon the assumption of their patriotism, for they were not then nor later candidates for public office. As the time for the convening of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, which was to meet in November, 1895, at the Exposition Hall in St. Louis, approached, confidential letters were sent out by the Chicago Silver Club to prominent bimetallists of all three parties, warning them that the gold standard advocates designed to capture the Congress and to influence it to adopt a resolution indorsing the gold standard. These letters urged them to use every effort to be present as delegates and to procure the attendance of other delegates friendly to the cause. At the same time they were invited to a private consultation to be held at a fixed time, during the sitting of the Congress, in the large parlors of the Southern Hotel. The

far-reaching significance and consequences of that Congress and consultation, at that juncture, few have understood. When the Congress met its President appointed a committee on resolutions, of which William Jennings Bryan was made chairman, and of which the writer was a member. When the committee retired for action, he met Bryan for the first time. As he entered the committee room he observed a young man standing by the opposite window in consultation. Though never having met Bryan or seen his picture, he intuitively knew that it could be no other. Being introduced to him, Mr. Bryan informed him he had formed a subcommittee on the money question of which he, Bryan, would be chairman, and the writer would be one of the twelve additional members, of which eight were known bimetallists, and four known gold standard advocates. When the sub-committee met in its room, of the different formulas placed in the hat on the subject of metal money, the one written by Bryan was adopted by the majority, while the minority adopted a resolution in favor of the gold standard. These were reported to the Congress, and, after a debate led by Bryan, which became historis, (in spite of the efforts and influences of an unfriendly city), the majority resolution was adopted and became the formula of the succeding political campaign, and was written *verbatim* in the Chicago platform the following summer. Later, and while the Congress was still in session, Mr. Bryan, with Col. J. T. W. Tillar, the president of the Little Rock Silver Club, Col. G. W. Sappington and the writer were driven in a carriage to the proposed council at the Southern. There they found, in number, about fifty gentlemen of all three parties, but of one mind on the money question. Among them Richard Bland, General Weaver, Senator Stewart, W. H. Miller, Joseph (Judas?) Sibley and many others of national reputation. No record was kept. There was no secretary, but, as the result of a discussion, when the meeting broke up, by common consent, a consistent plan was mapped out. Every man was to go to his home and renew his efforts in the propaganda of the "true religion" in his own party. In so far as the Democratic party was concerned, it was agreed that, if we controlled its convention and candidates and wrote its platform, neither of which should be either gold or a "straddle," such action would be taken by the Populists and silver Republicans as would make a complete union of the reform forces in the support of the ticket. If, however, we should fail, either in platform or candidate, the silver delegates would withdraw, issue an address to the country, repair to the seat of the conventions to be held by the Populists and silver Republicans, and there form in a union a new Democratic party, which would, in that way, unite the reform forces, leaving the old and betrayed hulk to sink from its own rottenness. At that council Bryan's sun began, for the first time, to rise. By common consent it was agreed, in view of suppression by a purchased and muzzled press, it would, as a matter of policy, be necessary not only to have the right kind of a candidate but his nomination must be followed by a campaign of oratory, by the candidate himself, which would compel the papers and the Associated Press, in spite of themselves, to open their columns. He must not only have the gift of speech, but the physical strength to endure the tremendous strain which afterwards Bryan did endure in the most remarkable personal campaign in our history, when he became both our candidate and the appropriator of the press of the enemy, beating down opposition by the majesty of his manhood and character, and, in spite of the many millions of money and the

resort to intimidation and threats on the part of the aroused and infuriated "System," was elected only to be cheated out of the fruits of victory in the manner recently described by Thomas Lawson in "Frenzied Finance." In that council, no one, in view of these considerations and regardless of the selfish selections of selfish politicians (who up to then had fought shy of themovement), doubted the fact that, in the end, there could be but one leader, and that one would be BRYAN. After the council broke up the delegation from the Little Rock Silver Club put into execution a prearranged plan. They had a meeting with Mr. Bryan, and it was arranged that he should go on to Congress and serve out his term. He was to participate in the debates on the money question, the tariff and the trusts, and thus reach the people through the Congressional Record; that he was then to come straight to Little Rock and address the club and the legislature on the subject of bimetallism. This program was carried out to the letter. On March 7, 1895, at the opera house in Little Rock, he was introduced to the audience as probably the next standard bearer of the Democracy for president of the United States. It was accepted, at the time, as a mere complimentary pleasantry by those in the secret history and the plans of the campaign. Even then Mr. Bryan did not take it seriously. He rather considered himself a young and enthusiastic leader, but subordinate to the older and more experienced heads in the party. Later, in the spring, he was at Van Buren in the western part of the State and wired the writer to meet him at the Union Station that night; and with George R. Brown, repaired to an office and held a long consultation in connection with the plans referred to, mapped out at the St. Louis conference. Still he was not a candidate. His choice was probably Mr. Bland, but he hesitated because of the manifest fact that Mr. Bland was not an orator, and did not possess physical strength. Still later, on another visit, while at the home of the writer, after much discussion, a friend turned on Bryan and pointing at him said, " 'THOU art the man.' If any man ever had a call from humanity you have. You have no right to hesitate or consider other men, whom you know have neither the call nor the endowments, which we must have in our standard bearer if we would succeed." What followed down to the Chicago convention, when the politicians were overwhelmed by the people, is common history. What has followed since, when the politicians, (like the sow, "returned to its wallow,") is not only common but shameful history. Then followed the St. Louis convention of 1904, out of which but one thing shone bright and resplendent in the person and character of Bryan, followed by the overwhelming and crushing defeat of the schemers and their candidates. In the Chicago convention, down to the moment of Bryan's nomination, the plans of the reformers, under his matchless leadership, overwhelmed the trading and compromising politicians, and no mistake was made. But they were there and got in their work in the monumental blunder of the trafficing nomination by them of a man for vice-president without one single qualification conforming to the ideals of the reformers. Had the reform movement dominated on that question by placing Watson, of Georgia, in the place, with his magnificent equipments (only second to those of Bryan), no power on earth, not even the enormous corruption of the campaign by Hanna, climaxed by the desperate crime described in the January, 1906, number of "Frenzied Finance," could have prevented its triumph. But the politicians were not built that way. They were not

big enough to appreciate or grasp and did not believe in the reform movement, if for no other reason, because it did not fit them personally. They quickly conceived that its triumph would inevitably retire them from activity and power by the substitution of a broader and better class of men who could measure up to the situation and were not afraid of pitching the battles of the party on the field of candor, and willing to accept defeat rather than to resort to dishonorable deception which had become the universal rule in the party. They did not like it. They were there. They got in their kind of work in the nomination of Sewell, and saw to it that North, East, South and West they should hold the control of the *machine* during the following four years. The result: The recent crushing defeat of their ticket, (no more disgraceful than the shameful history of its nomination), followed by the resurrection of Bryan from the grave in which they thought him buried. The situation is phenomenal and without parallel in the history of any party, because its defeated candidate has proven himself not only great, but good and thus has rescued the people from their false leaders. He has today won the love and respect of the common people, regardless of party, until every unselfish and patriotic citizen is proud of him, so that, personally, he wields more power, insofar as the future of Jeffersonianism or true democracy is concerned, than any other one influence.

Reflection on the Situation.

What will be the future of the reform movement in the democracy of all parties during the next two years? It is very important, in fact of the last importance, what course three great leaders pursue. These are Bryan, Watson and Hearst. Of these, preeminently, the most important, on account of the conjunction of circumstances, at this time, is William Jennings Bryan. HE must not make a mistake. He WILL NOT make a mistake. The reform forces *must* be united. Without this, all effort will be futile. The people, subjected to the same treacherous methods as in the past, will be scattered and divided. Because Bryan has, now more than ever before, won the love and confidence of the people of all parties, should he advocate another attempt to repeat the Chicago convention and reform within the party, *with the articulations of its great organization absolutely in the control of the conspirators who controlled the St. Louis convention,* many hundreds of thousands, in fact all, will know that *he* is sincere. But in that fact lies the danger and the delicacy of the present crisis. Many, perhaps a majority, of those Democrats who have come to be called "Bran Democrats" will follow him. These, however, will all be of those who, up to now, have stuck to the old party machine. Not one Watsonite, not one Jeffersonian Republican, not one Socialist will follow him. A very large minority of Bryan Democrats, who have eternally sworn that they will never again act with a machine dominated by the enemy, while grieving over the mistake and loving and honoring Bryan, will abandon it to its fate and a defeat of its candidates as overwhelming, if not as disgraceful, as the last one, will result. There can be no union. If, however, Bryan demands control of the machine by what he represents, or, as an alternative, joins with Watson in the policy of a new party organization, and the movement receives the sympathy of Hearst, a complete union of the reform forces will at once and naturally be consummated. This, in the nature of things, will follow from what has been submitted. The Bryan Democrats, willing to follow him blindly because of their love and absolute confidence in

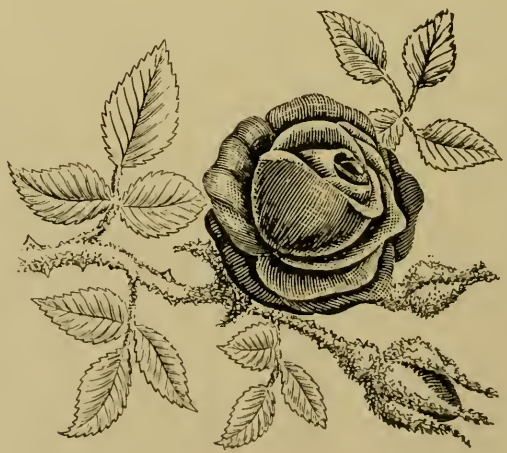
him, even in sticking to the old party against their own judgment, will gladly follow him to Watson. The union will be immediate and perfect. The other wing of his personal following, as stated, is already headed that way. With such a conjunction, immediate confidence will spring into being. The lines will be formed without a break. The Socialists will be willing, for the time being and because of confidence, to meet on common ground. There, we may "raise our Ebenezer a day's march nearer home." With the morrow's sun we will then press forward to the next camping ground. Perhaps, (who knows?), in the fulness of time, by a process of progressive evolution, we may reach that perfect state, desired by saint and Socialist, which must be realized, either here or in Beulah land, if the Millennium shall ever come. Even the Socialist will go with us to the "half way station" if confident that we are "marching towards his promised land." The union will be irresistable. The reform forces, in such an union, can nominate any one of the three leaders named on a platform which "says what it means and means what it says." With a candidate for vice-president, such as an organization thus constituted would naturally nominate, the enemies of good government will be overwhelmed. The people will right "the stealthy crime of '73," as well as all the other crimes against the people of this nation and world, (of which it has been the fruitful progenitor), down to the monster wrongs recently laid before the public in *Everybody's Magazine* and other publications. They are all naturally the fruit of the *first crime,* and have been accomplished and propagated by stealth and deceit, just as the organization of the party has passed under the control of the arch-conspirators—aptly termed "The System"—by treachery and false pretenses. The alternative is presented. THE OLD PARTY MUST BE RESCUED FROM THE CONTROL OF ITS ENEMIES.

Epilogue.

"The Silver Craze is dead." But, *is* it dead? Does it only sleep, up in slumberland, where the eye of the seer has never penetrated and whose story the pen of the historian has never traced? Will there be, as in the summer of 1893, another rude awakening from pleasant dreams of prosperity, at the command of those same "Captains of Industry," those "Masters of Money Trust," who then waged their war of extermination against an innocent and unoffending people to whip them into submission to their unholy demands, reminding them that their so-called "liberty and prosperity" are but idle visions dependent upon the will of their masters and rulers? That "the quantum theory of money," planted in the hills by Diety before Adam was, bottomed on mathematics, continues to be the essence of verity, and cannot die, but must, in the shifting changes of the years, assert its irresistible and cruel power against the people who question and ignore its authority. However this may be, (and grant that "the blood of commerce," even though artificial, may long continue to protect the people from disaster,) the organization of which we have treated is surely dead. It died, however, in the "odor of sanctity." Its works live after it in the present time when the world is moving towards the translation of the Chicago platform of 1896 into the current life of the nation and the world. Those poor, despised Nazarenes, who unselfishly, with the spirit of martyrs, vicariously subjected themselves to undeserved hate, ridicule and persecution; who watered the seed time of their propaganda with their tears, while sternly opposing their weakness against resistless power, until the

"New Declaration of Independence" was proclaimed from the Coliseum, rejoice over the present day as a mother does over her children. "The morning gilds the dawn." It is the people's "Sun of Austerlitz." When it rises in its glory it will not shine upon a field of carnage, neither will it look down upon a "splendid land" governed "of monopoly, by monopoly, and for monopoly," in which the warning prophecy of Andrew Jackson, (the successor and sword of Jefferson), in his message to congress in 1833, relative to the money trust in the Hamiltonian-Republican Bank of the United States, will be fulfilled in the Standard Oil Bank of New York, with its group of associates and connections, in possession of all power, binding and loosing the common people, God's people, at their own sweet and cruel will. It will bathe, in its supernal light, a "happy land;" the legitimate fruit of Jeffersonian Democracy, epitomized in the life, character and doctrines of their leader, in which the PEOPLE will be the depository of all power; where the golden rule will be the motive of every enactment; where "equal rights to all and special privileges to none" will be the standard, and MONOPOLY come to be a crime. In a word, "a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

THE DAWN OF THE PEOPLE'S DAY.



The Common Sense of the Money Question.

By Bernard Suttler.

I have been much impressed lately with the strenuous effort of certain gentlemen to get the *Currency reformed.* It seems that the reformation desired is that the Government shall give to the "reformers" the privilege of making a large sized "Rag baby."

Unless my memory is utterly at fault these are some of the same gentlemen who in by-gone years stood so stoutly for a "gold standard" and the "honor of the country," whose indignant virtue fairly blew the lid off the kettle at the sacriligious efforts of the silverites and paper money men who were in their vain ignorance striving for something that would destroy our nation.

These "honor savers" won. The country accepted their doctrine. They have had sole control. Ten short years have passed and what is the situation? Here come the "sound money men," the honor savers, begging for the privilege of making a rag baby currency.

Some people will think that changed conditions have changed these men, but this is not so.

These men have not changed a hair, from first to last their fight has not been for "sound money," not for the "honor of the country," but for the privilege of handling the money of the country so that it would be a profit to them. That is the milk in the cocoanut. Now let us talk a little common sense on this money question:

It is a hard saying, but a true one, that the so-called financiers have ever systematically confused the minds of the people about money in order to make profit for themselves.

When the last word has been said, *all money is a creation of law.* It does not matter whether it is the iron of Sparta, the copper cash of China, the gold of America, the cowrie shell of the Guinea coast, in every case it is the creation by law of the sovereign power of the country.

Again. It does not matter of what material it is made its value is fluctuating. No money has intrinsic value. Much money has but little commercial value. A dollar is not intrinsically one hundred cents, but is one hundred cents by law. It is not a natural law which makes 25 8/10 grains of gold a dollar, but a decree of the Congress. *All money is fiat money,* in the sense that all money is *made* by decree of the lawmaking body, or power; the same money has a commercial value in its demonetized shape, and some has not.

Again. A strong effort is made by the financiers to make a distinction between money and currency, when as a matter of fact anything which passes current from hand to hand in exchange for commodities *is money,* provided its acceptance is general by all the people of the country.

Again. We want no stronger proof of the fluctuating value of money as measured by its purchasing power in commodities than the history of the past ten years. Bear in mind that the dollar has not been changed and then

set up and figure how much less of commodities the dollar will buy in 1906 than it did buy in 1896 and we see that the dollar is much less valuable now than then. *But it is the same dollar. The Congress can create a dollar, but it cannot say or dictate how much that dollar shall buy.*

It follows, therefore, that the Congress merely creates the quart pot, but the people who have the commodities fill the quart pot full, or three-quarters full, or half full, just as they see fit.

Nor does it matter of what that quart pot is made.

That this is true is now proved by the very men who have howled sound money for years, praying the Government to permit *them* to issue *uncovered paper money based upon the credit of the Government.*

Why, may I ask, should the Government delegate to the banks the privilege of issuing this money? What right has the Congress to delegate a Sovereign function granted to it by the Constitution, to any individuals or corporations? How then shall we get elasticity? There would be no need for elasticity, if gambling was eliminated. Gambling in stocks, gambling in cotton, gambling in grain, these are the things which cause monetary stringency and the men responsible for this stringency caused by gambling and nothing else, are the "sound money" bankers, who lend their own money and other people's money to these gamblers because it is a profitable business for them.

Then, after a few years of this wild debauch of gambling the legitimate business of the country has to pay the penalty.

When the evil days come, we see these financiers whose conduct proves them unworthy of credit, confidence or leadership, rush to Congress for relief, but always asking for it in a shape that will strengthen their power and their grip upon the people.

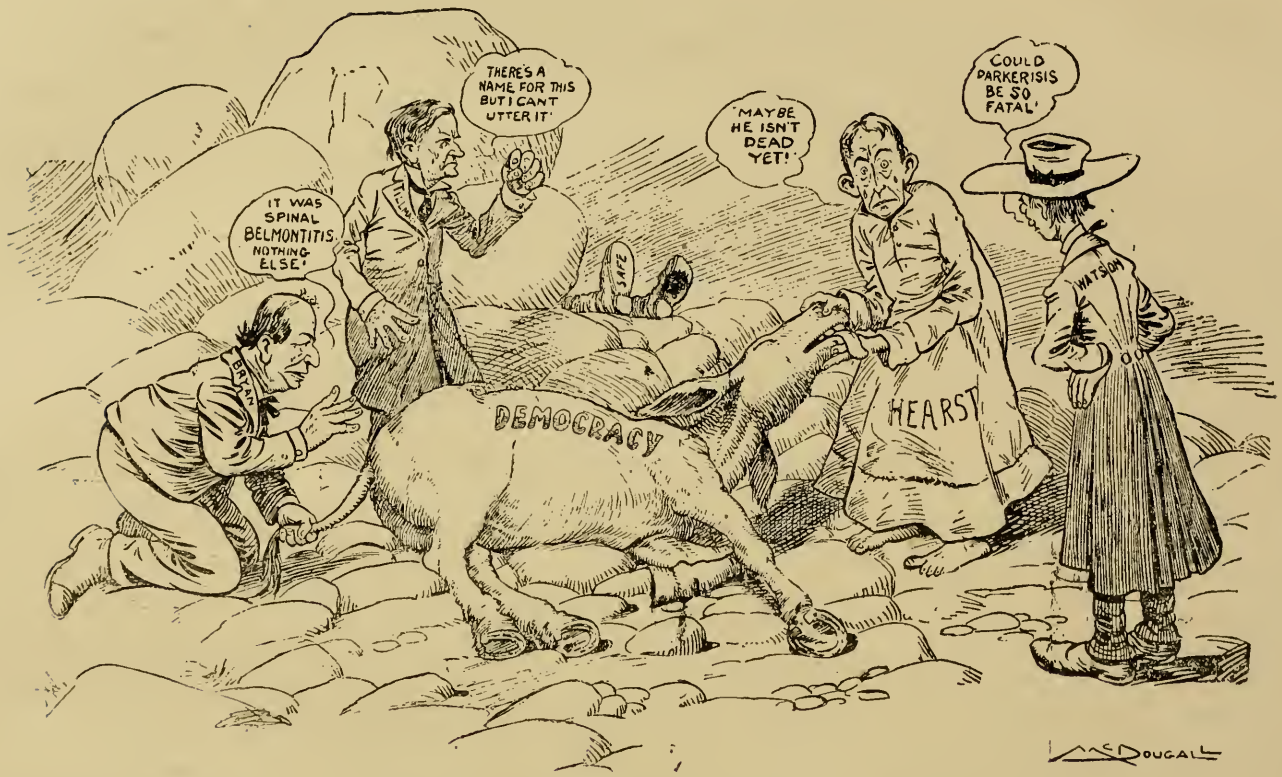
The excuse is always made that the legitimate interests need money.

All right, let us accept that. The cotton and wheat and corn and hogs must be moved, and money must be had. Then let the Government put out at the beginning of each crop-moving season five hundred million dollars of Treasury notes, lending it to the banks in the crop-moving season at 5 per cent and requiring them to charge no more than 6 per cent, thus giving them 1 per cent for acting as middle man, these loans to be secured by deposits with the Government of customers' paper and to be paid back at will by the borrowing banks, and the trick is done. Nationally, these loans would be made to banks only in the crop-producing sections. As the banks have their regular profit-making business the 1 per cent allowed for this crop-moving business would be ample compensation.

Any financier will tell you that this is entirely too crude, that it is not scientific, that the Government wants to be divorced from this banking feature, that Government notes are a source of danger, and *yet,* and *yet,* these same financiers would go after a 3 per cent bond issue for five hundred millions by this same Government like a lot of snapping turtles.

The real trouble lies in the selfishness of the favored interests. The bankers, like the proteeted tariff infants, want the powers of Government prohibited to their interest and *get what they want.*

The people get the great and glorious privilege of *paying the bill* and will continue to enjoy that privilege until they get more sense, and learn how to vote.



From *N. Y. Herald.*

AN OLD CARTOON THAT STILL APPLIES.

The German Railways.

State ownership was advocated mainly on economic and political grounds, military considerations being advanced also but with nothing like the stress laid on the economic arguments.

It was urged that the railways should be managed solely in the public interest, and as a unit; that railways are frequently needed where they will not pay and where private enterprise will not build them; that on the other hand, private enterprise wastes capital and labor, building unnecessary roads and running unnecessary trains; that the irregularity of private railway construction causes serious injury to industry, helping to bring on industrial and financial disturbance and ceasing just when its continuance is most needed for industrial relief; that the Government alone can draw up a consistent plan of railway building to extend through many years and to be executed gradually with due regard to the public well-being, and find it even more profiable to push construction in times of depression. Competition of private companies, it was shown, leads to monopoly. In France six big companies have absorbed 48 companies; in England eleven of the chief railways have absorbed 362 companies; and the same processes are at work in Germany. The private railways interfere with the effectiveness of the protective tariff. Public railways are of great military value to the State, and military men agree in assigning much weight to the acquisition of the railways by the State. The profits upon transportation may be much more justly obtained and much more beneficially used in the public interest under a State system. The discriminations and other abuses of the private companies must be stopped, and there is no way in which this can be thoroughly accomplished except by public ownership and operation, for many of the abuses are secret and Government regulation has proved insufficient.

The opposition was powerful. Objections were vigorously urged—most of the objections already noted in the history of French discussion, substantially the same objections that are made in America today—that so great an extension of Government employment would be dangerous; that political abuses would result; that sectional strife would paralyze the railroad system; that in the absence of competition the State roads would become non-progressive and inefficient; that private initiative and individual liberty were essential (meaning private initiative for profit as distinguished from private initiative in public service), etc., etc.

In his great speeches in the Prussian Parliament, Bismarck bore down all objections by appealing to experience with State railways in Prussia and other German States (some of which owned practically all their railways), and emphasizing the fact that State railways "served the public interest," and, "as a secondary consideration, aid the public treasury," while "it is the misfortune of private railways" that public highways and public functions "should be exploited in behalf of private interests and private pockets."

The argument for State ownership submitted to the Prussian Parliament in 1879 by the Cabinet, along with bills granting the power and means necessary for the purchase of four important railway systems and the extension of the State lines,* is one

of the most important railroad documents in the world. For years the question had had the attention of the best minds in Germany, hundreds of books and pamphlets were issued and no relevant consideration was left untouched.

* * *

The disadvantage of an ill-planned, unsystematic building of railroads are incalculable, as the capital resources of every country are limited, and capital uselessly employed is forever withdrawn from its proper object—the furtherance of economical development.

* * *

State ownership carried the day. Parliament gave the administration authority to purchase the principal private railways, passing the bill by a vote of 226 to 155, and the roads were bought. The Government had a right to take the roads at 25 times the average net earnings for the preceding five years, but it preferred to come to an agreement satisfactory to the owners rather than to take the railways by compulsory process. Before negotiations were entered into with the companies, however, they were given to understand that it was for their own interest not to make exorbitant demands, as in that case the Government would apply to them some of that competition they so much admired.

What have been the results? What are the facts? What do the German people think about them? What does the world think about them?

(1). The abuses so much complained of under the private system do not exist in Germany. Unjust discrimination has ceased. There is absolutely no favoritism in the German railroads. Shippers are treated with perfect impartiality. The chief count in the indictment of private roads in Prussia, as in the United States, was the granting of passes, rebates and other concessions to favored persons and places, and the most difficult problem was the abolishing of these abuses. The problem was not solved till the railways were notionalized, and then it was solved as a Turkish bath solves the problem of cleanliness. Discrimination disappeared completely. I was not able to find a shipper in Germany, nor anywhere in Europe who knew or had heard, or even had a suspicion, of the granting of any rebate or concession of any kind by the German roads. Many of them did not stop with negative statements, but asserted positively that concessions could not be obtained.

There are no free passes except for employes on railway business. Even the Minister pays his fare, and the Emporer, too. There are no secret rebates or open concessions, by commission, elevator allowances or mileage graft in private cars; no midnight tariffs, terminal railroad abuses or expense-bill tricks, no underbilling frauds or classification favors, no fostering of trusts and monopolies, no long and short haul injustices, no basing-point system, no watered securities or gambling in railway stocks, no railway wars, no wasteful construction of competitive railways, no refusal to construct needed lines in rural districts, no disregard of safety nor postponement of public interest to private profit in any way, no excessive transportation charges on the postal service, no railroad rulers levying their private taxes on the commerce of the country, no railway nullification, evasion, or defiance of law, no railroad lobbyists either inside or outside of legislative bodies at the national capital of the State capitals seeking to corrupt or pervert legislation, no railway battles in the courts, no railroad senators. Blessed Germany! Her railway system is not perfect—nothing human is; but it has escaped so many evils and acquired so many excellencies that for many years it has commanded, not the unquali-

fied endorsement, but the warm respect and admiration of all impartial students.

(2). Not only have the German roads avoided the evils of private management, but the dangers and abuses predicted by objectors to State operation have not materialized.

* * *

The high standards of training and efficiency railway employes are required to attain, the thorough organization of the civil service, the effective auditing and supervision of every department, the coordination of the service with organizations representing the various industrial and social interests of the community, and the management of the roads by men engaged to serve the public interests and not to extract corporation dividends from the public, unite to make the railway administration clean, honest, and effective.

* * *

(3). The German railway management is the most enlightened and efficient in Europe. This is the opinion of nineteen-twentieths of all the railway authorities I met in my journeys through nine European countries, and many think the German management is the best in the world. The few who dissented from the majority view, did so usually on the basis of a comparison, not with the railways of any other country as a whole, but with some specially selected railway like the Pennsylvania or the London and Northwestern, or else they relied on a use of the average ton-mile rate, which, as we shall presently see, is wholly misleading unless details and conditions back of it are carefully analyzed.

The utilization of car space is very high. British journals are constantly pointing their railway managements to the vastly superior results obtained on the German roads, and claiming that neither the larger percentage of retail traffic nor any other differences of condition warrant the enormous difference of efficiency. And Hadley, dealing with American comparisons, says: "The State roads of Prussia undoubtedly manage to use a large percentage of available car space."

* * *

Large economies were effected immediately upon the acquisition of the railways by the State, partly by condensation and coordination of staffs and services, partly by lopping off the corporation cupolas in official salaries, and partly by improved methods of operation. The president of a Prussian railway division gets $2,750 a year and the Minister of Public Works $9,000 a year and the use of a house. Think what a saving could be made in our railways if the salaries of railway pesidents were cut from $25,000, $50,000 and $100,000 to the German figures, which cannot be considered as out of the question, since presidents of colleges often receive only $3,000 to $3,500, about the same as the Prussian railroad president, including the house rent he has in addition to his salary; and the Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Postmaster General or other members of the President's Cabinet in this country only gets $8,000 a year, which is considerably less than the pay of the Prussian Minister of Railways.

The German railways have other advantages over ours in the economies resulting from the fact that they do not have to cover the expenses and emoluments of gentlemen engaged in manipulating conventions, electing railroad candidates and running legislative lobbies. They are also free from the wastes due to competing offices, circuitous routing, etc., from which our transportation system suffers.* The service is remarkable for its adequacy and promptness. Trains are frequent in all directions and are almost always on time. In addition to the effect of splendid organization, premiums are paid conductors and

engineers for bringing their trains in on time.† The speed is good except on some of the local trains, which seem fast enough for the people they accommodate, and are not so slow as some of the trains in our own Southern States. Although some of the most rapid experimental runs yet made have been made on the German State roads, they have not put in daily operation any long-distance train that makes as high speed as the Twentieth Century Limited, from New York to Chicago, on the New York Central, or the trains of the Pennsylvania and the Reading, from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. The speed and the times of the trains in Germany, however, are what the people desire them to be, as we shall see in a moment.

* * *

The safety attained on the roads is one of their stronges titles to respect. We kill more people on our roads every week than are killed on the German roads in a year.

* * *

The management of the German roads is very progressive. Nowhere in the world is technical education carried to a higher point than in Germany, and nowhere else is technical training so insisted upon as a condition of entering the railway service. Expert engineers are constantly at work devising improvements, and commissioners are sent all over the world in the search for new ideas and methods.

* * *

Although a large profit is realized on the State railways, this is not the first aim of the management, but is regarded as subordinate to the efficient service of the public and the development of industry.‡ And so well has this primary purpose been fulfilled that the railway policy has been a very large factor in the astonishing industrial development of modern Germany, which has won the admiration of the world.

* * *

(4). This brings me naturally to the point that the German railway management is the most democratic in the world. It is in the closest touch with the people, and except in the means of adjusting labor difficulties and sharing profits with the men, in which the railways of Australia, New Zealand and Denmark excel, it is the most thoroughly co operative from top to bottom of any system in existence. This may seem strange in view of the imperial element that still remains in the German constitution, but it is a faet, as you will see.

* * *

Imagine our railroad managers constantly subjected to cross-examination by the people's representatives, under conditions that would make it folly to tell anything but the absolute truth, with books and transactions always under the scrutiny of public auditors and inspectors, obliged to reveal all bargains, costs, rates, methods and agreements! Imagine our people having a share in the management of the railways through councils and standing committees composed of merchants, manufacturers, farmers, workingmen, etc., elected by chambers of commerce, labor unions, agricultural associations, etc., under laws requiring the railway management to consult these people's councils continually as to rates, times-tables, etc., and to conform to their decisions so far as reasonably possible, with appeal to a national council representing the business interests of all classes of people and constituting virtually a coordinate part of the national railway administration! Every one free to make suggestions and complaints without fear of railway prosecution or expensive litigation! Every petition sure of fair-minded consideration and

every important question certain to be investigated with comprehensive thoroughness, not to ascertain how the most money can be made for a few railway managers and controlling owners, but to ascertain what is best for the interest of all concerned! What would become of the arbitrary power of Baer, Morgan, Rockefeller & Co.? What would become of the whole congregation of railroad graft and chicanery, the whole congested slums of railroad politics and finance in this country!

* * *

(5). German railway tariffs are simple, clear, impartial, reasonable and reliable without being inelastic. They do not possess the abnormal elasticity that comes from arbitrary rate-making under the pressure of invididual interests and corporation dividends; but they do possess the normal and beneficial elasticity resulting from the fact that rates are carefully adjusted to the real needs of legitimate industry through the cooperation of the railway management with the popular councils representing the business interests of the community.—Extracts from "The Railways, the Trusts, and the People."

Life and Times of Andrew Jackson.

By Thos. E. Watson.

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E are told that when the Jew, menaced by foes, came to rebuild the wall of Jerusalem, he worked with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other.

Our American State and its Institutions were built in the same way. No early settler went to any work without his gun. The rifle leaned against the tree while the Pioneer was cutting it down; it was strapped to his shoulders as he plowed, it rested against the pulpit when he prayed. The Indian, the war-whoop, the scalping knife, the hidden red man lurking in the bush, the swift arrow and its death-song, the midnight assault and the blazing home,—these were the terrors which beset the American Pioneer; and they made of him one of the most alert, self-reliant, resourceful, indomitable, unconquerable and ruthless characters that ever laid the broad foundation of a masterful State.

At the time when Andrew Jackson came from Jonesboro to Nashville, everything there in the way of society and government was primitive and unsettled. A nucleus had been formed, but the extent to which its power would wax in importance depended upon whether the whites could break the Indians and thus be left free to make use of natural advantages such as Nature gave to few spots on this globe.

Jackson had a keen eye for actual conditions, and he could not have doubted for a moment that Nashville had within her, and surrounding her, everything necessary to the greatest material progress. One has but to see that region to understand the pathetic earnestness and heroic valor with which the Indian fought to hold it, as well as the ferocious determination with which the White Man fought to win it.

* * * * * *

The widow Donelson was living in Nashville, 1790, and she appears to have been in better worldly circumstances than any other inhabitant of the place. Her husband had been one of the hardiest, most enterprising and successful of the pioneer settlers. A trip that he made, under almost impossible conditions, from the settlements on the Holston river, down that stream to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, up the Ohio to the Cumberland, and up the Cumberland to the new settlement which he and Capt. Robertson were planting—is one of the most remarkable upon record.

But Donelson had been murdered, in the woods near his home, and his widow, left without her natural protector, was glad to take into her home newcomers to Nashville who were in need of a place to board.

In this way, Andrew Jackson entered the family of Mrs. Donelson, taking his meals at her table, while using a near-by cabin as a sleeping room. This was in 1789 or 1790, according to Judge John Overton.

The widow Donelson had a daughter,—a pretty daughter, a buxom lass, who in those days, dearly loved fun and frolic, a dance and a horse-back ride.

Rachel was her name—and young Andrew Jackson soon made up his mind that she was just the girl he wanted—and he hadn't the slightest idea of serving any Laban seven years for her, either.

Headstrong Andrew, hot-blooded Andrew, iron-willed Andrew —meant to have this lovely, fascinating back-woods Rachel, and it was his way not to lose time when his mind was made up.

But Rachel already had a husband!

So much the worse for the husband.

Singing of another man of that name, some seventy years later, the poet said:

> "The foe had better ne'er been born
> Than get in Stonewall's way."

This was true of Andrew also. Nobody that ever got in his way seemed to prosper. He had a habit of going over other men that stopped at nothing,—and which finally landed him on top of the prostrate, puzzled and helpless Trio, Webster, Clay and Calhoun.

Therefore, when you learn that Andrew Jackson fell madly in love with Rachel and that Rachel fell madly in love with Andrew—you feel that Rachel's husband had better be going.

If he doesn't go of his own accord,—something unpleasant will happen to him.

The name of the husband in question was Lewis Robards. He is alluded to as "Captain," but this may have been a courtesy title. He came of one of the respectable families of Kentucky, and there is absolutely no proof against him of any discreditable act. His only fault, so far as the record shows with clearness, is that the Imp of the Perverse gave him for wife a woman that Andrew Jackson would have taken for himself if it had been necessary for him to fight every man in the settlement.

During Presidential Campaigns, the partisans of Jackson had a strenuous time of it defending their hero from sundry accusations based upon various doubtful episodes in his stormy career; and none bothered them much more than this about "Stealing another man's wife." As a natural result, the campaign liar had to work manfully for Jackson.

A part of the job of clearing Jackson was to defame the unfortunate Lewis Robards. The partisans of Jackson represented him as meanly jealous and a most unattractive character.

The time has passed for fulsome flatterers of Jackson to be-

smirch the name and memory of Capt. Lewis Robards. It is but right that he should be treated justly.

After his trouble with Jackson was all over, Capt. Robards married again, had a happy home of his own, was blessed with a family of children, and his descendants are to be found to-day in Kentucky, where their standing is that of respectable, middle-class people.

In Parton's "Life of Jackson" appears Judge Overton's statement of the manner in which Andrew came to marry Rachel.

The Judge was the room-mate of Jackson while the two young lawyers boarded with the widow Donelson. Room-mates, they became friends, and friends they remained as long as they lived. Loyal to his friend Jackson, Judge Overton shaped-up a written account of how his friend Andrew drove off Lewis Robards and married Lewis' wife that is one of the most interesting specimens of unconscious humor that it was ever my good fortune to read.

Parton was no lawyer, and was, besides, a most credulous biographer: had he been a lawyer accustomed to the sifting of testimony, he would have smiled as he picked to pieces that ingenious narrative in which Judge Overton makes it clear that Lewis Robards compelled Andrew Jackson to take Rachel, Lewis' wife, and marry her himself. As a bit of special pleading, no lawyer could fail to enjoy the reading of the Overton paper which Parton swallowed without a wink. Condensed, the real facts would seem to be:

That Captain Lewis Robards had married Rachel Donelson while her father was home in Kentucky. Here she appears to have carried on some sort of a flirtation, in her gay, innocent way, with a man of the name of Short.

Captain Robards fretted over the flirtation and took the high-spirited Rachel to task about it. The upshot of the matter was that Mrs. Donelson was written to and asked to take her daughter to her new home in Nashville. This was done. Captain Robards, it appears, wrote the letter, and Rachel's brother, Sam Donelson, went after her and took her to Tennessee.

It would seem that it was at this particular juncture that Andrew Jackson became an inmate of the Donelson home. Capt. Robards remained in Kentucky.

Consequently, Andrew and Rachel were thrown together, day after day, as members of the same household.

It is quite clear from all the accounts we have of the matter, that Rachel Donelson did not *love* Lewis Robards.

It is reasonably clear that with her, as with Andrew Jackson, it was a case of "love at first sight."

Therefore, when Capt. Robards at length came from his home in Kentucky to make another attempt to live with his wife, he was what the French would call *de trop*—he was one too many.

His presence was welcome to neither Andrew nor Rachel.

Now Judge Overton's statement gives a ludicrous account of the patience of Andrew Jackson under the provocations of Lewis Robards; of Lewis' violent demonstrations against Andrew and

the meek forbearance and Christian "love thine enemy" attitude of Andrew. Finally, Lewis quits the stage of his own accord and returns to Kentucky, while Rachel goes down the river to Natchez on a visit which she seems to have had in contemplation for quite a while. When Judge Overton casually mentions the fact that Andrew went along with Rachel "to keep the Indians off," we find ourselves on the point of overlooking the fact that, to all intents and purposes, the defeated Lewis Robards has been driven off the stage and that *here is the triumphant Andrew running away with the prize.*

Says the Judge,—relating how hard were Andrew Jackson's efforts to help Lewis Robards keep his wife for himself:—

"Mr. Jackson met Captain Robards near the orchard fence and began mildly to remonstrate with him respecting the injustice he had done his wife as well as himself."

I have a somewhat fertile imagination, myself, and I paint a good many varieties of fancy pictures without much difficulty, but somehow the imaginary scene which I draw, representing Andrew Jackson as mildly remonstrating with a husband who had wrongfully accused him concerning that husband's wife, doesn't seem to me to be a speaking likeness of Andrew Jackson.

Nature's nobleman in his relations to women—chivalrous, gallant and winning—he was one of the purest men of his time.

Throughout his career, Andrew Jackson was assailed by almost every weapon known to political and personal malice, but nobody ever accused him of dishonoring a woman!

Now it is perfectly plain that he loved Rachel Donelson with all the ardor of his fiery nature—can you picture him "mildly remonstrating" with anyone who had accused him of improper relations with her?

You feel, instinctively, that Jackson's blood boiled the moment he heard the foul slander, and that his voice, in talking to Lewis Robards, must have trembled with rage.

Judge Overton continues:

"In a little time Robards became violently angry and abusive and threatened to whip Jackson, and *made a show of doing so.*"

Now, surely, something will happen: Robards has not only brought a false charge of worst kind against Jackson, but has actually threatened to whip him, and made a show of doing so.

But nothing happens.

I wonder what sort of a "show of doing so," Robards made.

When I was a boy, it sometimes chanced that I was a scared looker-on when angry men "made a show of doing so."

"D—n you! I'm going to whip you!"

Off would go the coat, up would go the clenched fist, and, perhaps, instead of a blow there would be the menace which was called "shaking the fist in a man's face."

It was considered an eternal disgrace to let another man shake his fist in your face. You must hit him, right then, or your best friends would leave you—your own wife would be ashamed of you.

My young reader, ask your father or grandfather how it used to be, out at the cross-roads store and in the country village.

Now, Mr. Parton, who adopted the story *which Judge Overton did not vouch for,* wants you to believe that Andrew Jackson accepted meekly an insult which you know it was not in his nature to have endured. Given Jackson's known traits of character, *you know* that the statement is absurd.

Take another sentence from the story which Judge Overton relates as having been told to him:

"Jackson told him (Robards) that he had not bodily strength to fight him, nor would he do so, *feeling conscious of his innocence.*"

Heavens, what a tale!

Parton asks you to believe a yarn like that *about Andrew Jackson,* who was then in the prime of life, who was always fonder of a fight than of a foot race, and who in feeble old age, when shot at in Washington, rushed at his assailant like a mad bull!

* * * * * *

Another story of how Jackson persuaded Lewis Robards to go back to his Old Kentucky Home strikes me as being pretty near the truth. It represents Jackson as promising his friends, in Robard's hearing, not to kill Robards,—but at the same time fingering a big knife, and, at the same time, eyeing Robards in a most hungry, suggestive way.

Robards attached less importance to Jackson's words of peace than he did to Jackson's little preparations for war—so he went away and did not come back.

According to the statement of Gen. George L. Davidson, Robards broke into a run as he retired, for the reason that Jackson was after him with that butcher knife. Robards plunged into a cane-brake, and there Jackson gave up the chase.

According to Davidson's version of the affair, Robards had sworn out a peace warrant against Jackson and the latter got rid of the case in the manner above stated, for with the non-appearance of the prosecutor in court the warrant had to be dismissed.

Gen. Davidson must have known the facts as well as anybody for he was boarding with Mrs. Donelson at the time, just as Jackson was.

* * * * * *

The conclusion of the Judge Overton's narrative is equally entertaining.

Remember that Robards has gone to Kentucky and that Rachel is to go to Natchez.

We have seen that Jackson went along too, but now you must be told how hard it was to persuade him to escort Rachel on this river-journey.

Quoth Judge Overton:

"It was not without the urgent entreaties of Colonel Stark, who wanted protection from the Indians, that Jackson consented to accompany them."

Timorous Colonel Stark! Endangered Rachel! Reluctant Andrew Jackson! What a funny mix up, to be sure.

Who was Colonel Stark, anyway?

How does he happen to crowd in upon the stage with such abrupt intrusiveness?

What's the matter with Rachel's brother Sam, who had gone to Kentucky to fetch his sister home?

With delightful naivete, Judge Overton offers the explanation that the Indians were "exceedingly troublesome" at that time.

Of course they were.

But was it expected that Andrew Jackson should whip, scatter, and destroy all those "exceedingly troublesome Indians" by himself?

Col. Stark, as you must understand, could not be depended on in case of a battle with those Indians, for Judge Overton takes the pains to tell us that Col. Stark was a "venerable and highly esteemed old man."

Consequently it was Jackson going up, single handed and alone, against "the Indians, then in a state of war and exceedingly troublesome." Even brother Sam is not needed,—Andrew will do it all by himself.

Reader, use your own intelligence, and you will reject biographies written after that fashion.

It is my purpose to tell you the truth about this great man Andrew Jackson; and to show him to you *as a man.* I have no patience with writers who try to make Saints, or marble statuary, out of the subjects they handle.

By the time I get through with Jackson, you will appreciate his real strength and greatness quite as much as you need to do; and you will also become acquainted with him *as a man.*

* * * * * *

This may be as good a place as any to relate the sequel.

It is not certain how long Rachel Robards remained with her friends in Natchez after Andrew Jackson had taken her there, but she is soon found at the home of Thomas M. Green, a planter who lived near the mouth of Cowles Creek, near Bruinsburgh.

The biographers of Andrew Jackson strain and strive mightily to ignore the fact that their hero was a negro trader in his early days, but it *is* a fact nevertheless: and at Bruinsburgh he had a small store, or trading post, where the slaves, bought in Tennessee or the Carolinas, were sold to the planters of Mississippi and Louisiana. It was in this way that Jackson came to know Thomas and Abner Green, men of wealth, whose first dealings with him had consisted in the purchase of negroes for their plantations.

The store of Jackson stood immediately upon the bank of the Mississippi; there was a race-track for quarter-races, and local tradition represents Jackson himself as sometimes riding the horse that he had entered for the race, just as it represents him pitting his own birds in cock-fights.

Parton states that Jackson lived in this hut on the Mississippi *after* his marriage to Rachel Robards.

This must be a mistake, for Judge Overton states positively that after the marriage the couple returned to Nashville.

It must be, as Sparks relates in his "Memories of Fifty Years," that Jackson lived at Bruinsburgh *before* the marriage.

Ordinarily, the "Memories of Fifty Years" is to be rejected as an authority: the book was written in the extreme old age of the author and is full of fable. But William H. Sparks himself married into the Green family, lived in the Bruinsburgh neighborhood, and must be presumed to have known what the Greens had to say concerning their great friend and his beloved wife.

It would seem that it was Jackson himself who found the refuge for his Rachel in the time of her sorest need; and that it was doing *a personal favor to Jackson* when the brothers, Thomas and Abner Green, received Rachel as an honored inmate in their homes.

Sparks married the youngest daughter of Abner Green, and he mentions a visit of himself and wife to the White House to pay their respects to the aged President, Andrew Jackson.

"We called," writes Sparks, "to see the President, and when my lady was introduced to the General, he was informed that she was the daughter of his old friend, Abner Green.

"He did not speak, but held her hand for some moments, gazing intently into her face. His feelings overcame him, and clasping her to his bosom, he said:

" 'I must kiss you, my child, for your sainted mother's sake;' then holding her from him, he looked again, 'Oh! how like your mother you are—she was the friend of my poor Rachel when she so much needed a friend.' "

Poor Rachel was then (1835) dead, and the sight of the sweet young face that reminded the bereaved husband-lover of the days when his bride-to-be was waiting for him there in the homes of his friends, on the Mississippi—young, lovely, devoted—melted into weeping the tough warrior whom the hardened borderers had nicknamed Old Hickory.

* * * * * *

As already related, Lewis Robards did not relish the look which Andrew Jackson fastened upon him as he tried the edge and point of that big hunting-knife and pledged himself not to kill the said Robards.

Owing to this circumstance and others over which he had no control, Captain Robards went back to Kentucky; and in the winter of 1790-1 he applied to the Legislature for relief, alleging that his wife was living in adultery with Andrew Jackson.

Parton struggled heroically to confuse the story at this critical period. Apparently, he wished to hide the fact that Capt. Lewis Robards accused Andrew and Rachel of living together in adultery *prior* to that first and wholly illegal marriage of theirs.

The true statement is that Captain Robards honestly believed that his wife had betrayed him, and that illict relations existed between her and her lover. In this he was most certainly wrong; but the man is entitled to fair treatment and the case

must be considered from his point of view as well as from that of the wife and her lover.

Robards acted precisely as the average man would have done under similar circumstances. He appealed to the proper authorities for redress. He asked for a divorce upon the highest and best ground.

The Legislature of Virginia,—which then had jurisdiction over Kentucky—passed an act authorizing Lewis Robards to proceed in the Supreme Court of Kentucky to make good, before a jury, the truth of the allegations brought by him against Rachel Robards. In the event that he proved her guilt, and the jury should return a verdict to that effect, then "the marriage between the said Lewis Robards and the said Rachel shall be totally dissolved."

Now a strange thing happened—a blunder which made Jackson sore on that point during the remainder of his life.

Without any investigation of the *Kind of Act* the Legislature of Virginia had passed, this most impetuous of men accepted the mere rumor that a divorce had been granted, and he rushed headlong into a marriage with Rachel,—who was still the wife of another man. It is almost incredible that a lawyer, the District Attorney whose business it was, constantly, to be examining just such matters should never have thought it necessary to send for a copy of the Act which so vitally concerned himself and that human being whom he loved above all others.

Blissfully unconscious of crime, the lovers began to live together as man and wife!

It was not until Sept. 1793, that a Kentucky jury found by their verdict that Lewis Robards was entitled to a divorce; whereupon, the Court dissolved the marital tie which until that day had bound Rachel to Robards.

There seems to be no record of what were the details of the evidence put before the jury, nor as to *what time* the witnesses fixed in testifying. No court conducting itself according to legal rules, would hold that evidence of acts occurring *after* the filing of the complaint are sufficient to warrant a verdict.

Therefore, Robards was probably compelled to confine his evidence chiefly to acts *antedating* his formal complaint to the Legislature.

In that event, the ugly fact would stare us in the face that Lewis Robards, after publication in the newspapers of his intention so do so—as the Act of the Legislature required—satisfied a Court and jury that Rachel "hath deserted the Plaintiff, Lewis Robards, and *hath,* and doth still live in adultery with another man."

The marvel is that Jackson never, so far as we have been told, made any effort to secure a repeal of the Act of the Virginia Legislature, or any effort to keep up with the proceedings of Robards afterwards.

When informed late in 1793 that Robards had at length obtained a divorce, he took out a license in Nashville and another

marriage ceremony was performed uniting him and Rachel, once more, in the holy bonds of wedlock.

This time he felt sure that Rachel was his lawful wife, but according to a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, she was still "living in adultery with another man."

Neither the Virginia Legislature nor the Kentucky courts had any jurisdiction over Rachel; and according to the aforesaid decision, there *never was* a legal divorce of Rachel from her first husband.

The irregularities attending this historic marriage of Andrew Jackson were a source of endless trouble to him and to others.

"He took another man's wife away from him"—was a taunt which followed him for many years.

It is said that he killed Dickenson because of his slurring remarks about Mrs. Jackson; and it is certain that his bitter feud with John Sevier was intensified by an allusion which Sevier made to Jackson's "running away with another man's wife."

After all, *it amounted to about that.*

Calmly sifting such evidence as we can get, carefully weighing such circumstances as are free from doubt, making due allowance for the lack of scruple which Jackson always manifested when he was intensely in earnest, one is forced to admit that it was substantially as Sevier's rough statement put it.

Jackson *did* take Rachel away from Robards,—*she* being most willing and co-operative. But who will much blame Andrew Jackson?

Who will say that a loveless connection with Robards should have kept these great loving souls apart?

As the lion beats off the weaker rival and takes to his royal self the mate of his choice, so Andrew Jackson took Rachel.

Only the man of intense, volcanic passions—he who loves and hates with blind, unreasoning fury,—knows how impossible it was for Jackson to have acted otherwise.

Robards was the victim of the unwritten but universal law which gives Right of Way to the Stronger Will.

In the clash between himself and Jackson, the Kinglier man won the victory and bore off the prize.

* * * * * *

Robards, indeed, was not deeply attached to Rachel. She was a barren woman, and in those days, more than now, children were desired, and large families were a source of strength and pride.

As in Scriptural times, the barren woman was somewhat of a reproach both to herself and her husband.

Consequently, while Robards resented the conduct of Jackson, it caused him no lasting affliction to lose Rachel.

Ann Boyd.

By Will N. Harben.

Chapter VIII.

T dusk that day Ann Boyd went out to search for a missing cow. She crossed the greater part of her stretch of meadow land in the foggy shadows and finally found the animal mired to the knees in a black bog hidden from view by the high growth of bulrushes. Then came the task of releasing the patient creature, and Ann carried rails from the nearest fence, placing them in such a way that the cow finally secured a substantial footing and gladly sped homeward to her imprisoned calf. Then, to escape the labor of again passing through the clinging vines and high grass of the marsh, Ann took the nearest way to the main road leading from the store on to Jane Hemingway's cottage. She had just reached the little meeting-house, and a hot flush of anger at the memory of the insult passed upon her there was surging over her, when, happening to glance towards the graveyard in the rear of the building, she saw Virginia Hemingway and Langdon Chester, quite with the air of lovers, slowly walking homeward along a path which, if more rugged, led more directly towards the girl's home. Ann Boyd started and then stared; she could hardly credit the evidence of her sight—Virginia Hemingway and the scapegrace son of that man, of all men, together!

"Ah, ha!" she exclaimed, under her breath, and, falling back into the bushes which bordered the roadside, she stood tingling from head to foot with a new and unexpected sensation, her eager eyes on the loitering pair. "So *that's* it, is it? The young scamp has picked *her* out, devil that he is by blood and birth. Well, I might have known it. Who could know better than me what a new generation of that cursed stock would be up to? Right now he's the living image of what his father was at the same age. He's lying to her, too, with tongue, eyes, voice, and very bend of body. Great God, isn't she pretty? I never, in my best day, saw the minute that I could have held a candle to her, and yet they all said—but that makes no difference. I wonder why I never thought before that he'd pick her out. As much as I hate her mammy, and her, too, I must acknowledge she's sweet-looking. She's pure-minded, too—as pure of thought as I was away back there when I wore my hair in a plait. But that man will crush your purity, you little, blind kitten, crush it like a fresh violet under a horse's hoof; *he'll* teach you what life is. That's the business the Chesters are good at. But, look! I do believe she's holding off from him." Ann crept onward through the bushes to keep pace with the couple, now and then stretching her neck or rising to her full height on tiptoe.

"He hasn't been on her track very long," she mused, "but he has won the biggest part of his battle—he's got her to meet him privately. A sight of this would lay her old mam-

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Gordon Nye

kept in the dark. That scamp will my out stiff as a board, but she'll be see to that part of the affair. But she'll know in the end. Somebody will tell her the truth. Maybe the girl will herself, when the awful, lonely pinch comes and there is no other friend in sight. *Then,* Jane Hemingway, it will all come home to you. Then you'll look back on the long, blood-hound hunt you've given another women in the same plight. The Almighty is doing it. He is working it out for Jane Hemingway's life-portion. The girl is the very apple of her eye; she has often said she was the image of herself, and that, as her own marriage and life had come to nothing, she was going to see to it that her only child's path was strewn with roses. Well, Langdon Chester is strewing the roses thick enough. Ha, ha, ha!" the peering woman chuckled. "Jane can come along an' pick 'em up when they are withered and crumble like powder at the slightest touch. Now I really will have something to occupy me. I'll watch this thing take root, and bud, and leave, and bloom, and die. Maybe I'll be the first to carry the news to headquarters. I'd love it more than anything this life could give me. I'd like to shake the truth in Jane Hemingway's old, blinking eyes and see her unable to believe it. I'd like to stand shaking it in her teeth till she knew it was so and then I honestly believe I'd fall right down in front of her and roll over and over laughing. To think that I, maybe *I* will be able to flaunt the very thing in her face that she has all these years held over me—the very thing, even to its being a son of the very scoundrel that actually bent over the cradle of my girlhood and blinded me with the lies that lit up his face."

A few yards away the pair had paused. Chester had taken the girl's hand and was gently stroking it as it lay restlessly in his big palm. For a moment Ann lost sight of them, for she was stealthily creeping behind the low, hanging boughs of the bushes to get nearer. She found herself presently behind a big bowlder. She no longer saw the couple, but could hear their voices quite distinctly.

"You won't even let me hold your hand," she heard him say. "You make me miserable, Virginia. When I am at home alone, I get to thinking over your coldness and indifference, and it nearly drives me crazy. Why did you jerk your hand away so quickly just now?"

"I don't see what you were talking to a drummer about me for, in a public place like that," the girl answered, in pouting tones.

"Why, it was this way, Virginia—now don't be silly!" protested Chester. "You see, this Masters and I were at college together, and rather intimate, and down at the store we were standing talking when you came in the front to buy something. He said he thought you were really the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and he was begging me to introduce him to you."

"Introduce him!" Virginia snapped. "I don't want to know him. And so you stood there talking about me!"

"It was only a minute, Virginia, and I couldn't help it," Chester declared. "I didn't think you'd care to know him, but I had to treat him decently. I told him how particular your mother was, and that I couldn't manage it. Oh, he's simply daft about you. He passed you on the road this morning, and hasn't been able to talk about anything since. But who could blame him, Virginia? You can form no idea of how pretty you are in the eyes of other people. Frankly, in a big gathering of women you'd create a sensation. You've got what every society woman in the country would die to have, perfect beauty of face and form, and the most remarkable part about it is your ab-

solute unconsciousness of it all. I've seen good-looking women in the best sets in Augusta and Savannah and Atlanta, but they all seem to be actually making up before your very eyes. Do you know, it actually makes me sick to see a woman all rigged out in a satin gown so stiff that it looks like she's encased in some metallic painted thing that moves on rollers. It's beauty unadorned that you've got, and it's the real thing."

"I don't want to talk about myself eternally," said Virginia, rather sharply, the eavesdropper thought, "and I don't see why you seem to think I do. When you are sensible and talk to me about what we have both read and thought, I like you better."

"Oh, you want me to be a sort of Luke King, who put all sorts of fancies in your head when you were too young to know what they meant. You'd better let those dreams alone, Virginia, and get down to every-day facts. My love for you is a reality. It's a big force in my life. I find myself thinking about you and your coldness from early morning till late at night. Last Monday you were to come to the Henry Spring, and I was there long before the time, and stayed in agony of suspense for four hours, but I had my walk for nothing."

"I couldn't come," Ann Boyd heard the sweet voice say. "Mother gave me some work to do, and I had no excuse; besides, I don't like to deceive her. She's harsh and severe, but I don't like to do anything she would disapprove of."

"You don't really care much for me," said Langdon—"that is the whole thing in a nutshell."

Virginia was silent, and Ann Boyd bit her lip and clinched her hands tightly. The very words and tone of enforced reproach came back to her across the rolling surf of time. She was for a moment lost in retrospection. The young girl behind the bushes seemed suddenly to be herself, her companion the dashing young Preston Chester, the price of planters and slave-holders. Langdon's insistent voice brought back the present.

"You don't care for me, you know you don't," he was saying. "You were simply born with all your beauty and sweetness to drag me down to despair. You make me desperate with our maddening reserve and icy coldness, when all this hot fire is raging in me."

"That's what makes me afraid of you," Virginia said, softly. "I admit I like to be with you, my life is so lonely, but you always say such extravagant things and want to—to catch hold of me, and kiss me, and —"

"Well, how can I help myself, when you are what you are?" Chester exclaimed, with a laugh. "I don't want to act a lie to you, and stand and court you like a long-faced Methodist parson, who begins and ends his love-making with prayer. Life is too beautiful and lovely to turn it into a funeral service from beginning to end. Let's be happy, little girl; let's laugh and be merry and thank our stars we are alive."

"I won't thank my stars if I don't go on home." And Virginia laughed sweetly for the first time.

"Yes, I suppose we had better walk on," Langdon admitted, "but I'm not going out into the open road with you till I've had that kiss. No, you needn't pull away, dear—I'm going to have it."

The grim eavesdropper heard Virginia sharply protesting; there was a struggle, a tiny, smothered scream, and then something waked in the breast of Ann Boyd that lifted her above her sordid self. It was the enraged impulse to dart forward and with her strong, toil-hardened hands clutch the young man by the throat and drag him down to the ground and hold him there till the flames she

knew so well had gone out of his face. Something like a prayer sprang to her lips—a prayer for help, and then, in a flush of shame, the slow-gained habit of years came back to her; she was taking another view—this time down a darkened vista.

"It's no business of mine," she muttered. "It's only the way things are evened up. After all, where would be the justice in one woman suffering from a thing for a lifetime and another going scot free, and that one, too, the daughter of the one person that has deliberately made a life miserable? No, siree! My pretty child, take care of yourself. I'm not your mother. If she would let me alone for one minute, maybe her eyes would be open to her own interests."

Laughing pleasantly over having obtained his kiss by sheer force, Langdon, holding Virginia's reluctant hand, led her out into an open space, and the watcher caught a plain view of the girl's profile, and the sight twisted her thoughts into quite another channel. For a moment she stood as if rooted to the ground behind the bushes which had shielded her. "That girl is going to be a hard one to fool," she muttered. "I can see that from her high forehead and firm chin. Now, it really *would* be a joke on me if—if Jane Hemingway's offspring was to avoid the pitfall I fell into, with all the head I've got. Then, I reckon, Jane *could* talk; that, I reckon, would prove her right in so bitterly denouncing me; but will the girl stand the pressure? If she intends to, she's made a bad beginning. Meeting a chap like that on the sly isn't the best way to be rid of him, nor that kiss; which she let him have without a scratch or loss of a hair on his side, is another bad indication. Well, the game's on. Me 'n' Jane is on the track neck to neck with the wire and bandstand ahead. If the angels are watching this sport, them in the highest seats may shed tears, but it will be fun to the other sort. I'm reckless. I don't much care which side I amuse; the whole thing come up of its own accord, and the Lord of Creation hasn't done as much for my spiritual condition as the Prince of Darkness. I may be a she-devil, but I was made one by circumstances as naturally as a foul weed is made to grow high and strong by the manure around its root. And yet, I reckon, there must be *some* dregs of good left in my cup, for I felt like strangling that scamp a minute ago. But that may have been because I forgot and thought he was his daddy, and the girl was me on the brink of that chasm twenty years wide and deeper than the mystery of the grave of mankind. I don't know much, but I know I'm going to fight Jane Hemingway as long as I live. I know I'm going to do that, for I know she will keep her nose to my trail, and I wouldn't be human if I didn't hit back."

The lovers had moved on; their voices were growing faint in the shadowy distance. The gray dusk had fallen in almost palpable folds over the landscape. The nearest mountain was lost like the sight of land at sea. She walked on to her cow that was standing bellowing to her calf in the stable-lot. Laying her hand on the animal's back, Ann said: "I'm not going to milch you to-night, Sooky; I'm going to let your baby have all he wants if it fills him till he can't walk. I'm going to be better to you—you poor, dumb brute—than I am to Jane Hemingway."

Lowering the time-worn and smooth bars, she let the cow in to her young, and then, closing the opening, she went into her kitchen and sat down before the fire and pushed out her water-soaked feet to the flames to dry them.

In an iron pot having an ash-covered lid was a piece of corn-pone stamped with the imprint of her fin-

gers, and on some smouldering coals was a skillet containing some curled strips of fried bacon. These things Ann put upon a tin plate, and, holding it in her lap, she began to eat her supper. She was normal and healthy, and therefore her excitement had not subdued her appetite. She ate as with hearty enjoyment, her mind busy with what she had heard and seen.

"Ah, old lady!" she chuckled, "you can laugh fit to split your sides when a loud-mouthed preacher talks in public about burning benches, but your laugh is likely to come back in an echo as hollow as a voice from the grave. If this thing ends as I want it to end, I'll be with you, Jane, as you've managed to be with me all these years."

Till far in the night Ann sat nursing her new treasure and viewing it in all its possible forms, till growing drowsy from a long day of fatigue, she undressed herself, and, putting on a dingy gray night-gown, she crept into her big featherbed.

"It all depends on the girl," was her last reflection before sleep bore her off. "She isn't a bit stronger than I was at about the same age, and I'll bet the Chester power isn't a whit weaker than it was. Well, time will tell."

Late in the night she was waked by a strange dream, and, to throw it out of mind, she rose and walked out into the entry and took a drink of water from the gourd. She had dreamed that Virginia had come to her bedraggled and torn, and had cried on her shoulder, and begged her for help and protection. In the dream she had pressed the girl's tear-wet face against her own and kissed her, and said: "I know what you feel, my child, for I've been through it from end to end; but if the whole world turns against you, come here to me and we'll live together—the young and old of the queerest fate known to womankind."

"Ugh!" Ann ejaculated, with a shudder. "I wonder what's the matter with me." She went back to bed, lay down and drew her feet up under the sheets and shuddered. "To think I'd have a dream of that sort, and about *that woman's* child!"

Chapter IX.

It was the first Sunday in June. Mrs. Waycroft came along the stony hillside road that slanted gently down from her house to Ann Boyd's. It was a dry, breezeless morning under an unclouded sun, and but for the earliness of the hour it would have been hot.

"I was just wondering," she said to Ann, whom she found in the back yard lowering a pail of butter into the well to keep it cool—"I was just wondering if you' d heard that a new man is to preach today. He's a Mr. Calhoun, from Marietta, a pretty good talker, I've heard."

"No, I didn't know it," said Ann, as she let the hemp rope slowly glide through her fingers, till, with a soft sound, the pail struck the dark surface of the water forty feet below. "How am I to hear such things? Through the whole week, unless you happen along, I only have a pack of negroes about me, and they have their own meetings and shindigs to go to."

Mrs. Waycroft put her hand on the smooth, wooden windlass and peered down into the well. "This is a better place, Ann, to keep milk and butter cool than a spring-house, if you can just make folks careful about letting the bucket down. I got my well filled with milk from a busted jug once, when one of the hands, in a big hurry, pushed the bucket in and let it fall to the water."

"Nobody draws water here but me," said Ann. She had fixed her friend with a steady, penetrating stare. She

was silent for a moment, then she said, abruptly: "You've got something else to say besides that about the new preacher; I have got so I read you like a book. I watched you coming along the road. I could see you over the roof of the house when you was high up in the edge of the timber, and I knew by your step you had something unusual on your mind. Besides, you know good and well that I'd never darken the door of that house again, not if forty new preachers held forth there. No, you didn't come all the way here so early for that."

The other woman smiled sheepishly under her gingham bonnet.

"I'm not going to meeting myself," she said, " and I reckon I was just talking to hear myself run on. I'm that away, you know."

"You might learn not to beat the Old Nick around a stump with a woman like me," said Ann, firmly. "You know I go straight at a thing. I've found that it pays in business and everything else."

"Well, then, I've come to tell you that I'm going over to Gilmer tomorrow to see my brother and his wife."

"Ah, you say you are!" Ann showed surprise against her will. "Gilmer?"

"Yes, you see, Ann, they've been after me for a long time, writing letters and sending word, so now that my crop is laid by I've not really got a good excuse to delay; seems like everything tends to pull me that way whether or no, for Pete McQuill is going over in the morning with an empty wagon, and, as he's coming back Thursday, why, it will just suit. I wouldn't want to stay longer than that."

The two women stood staring at each other in silence for a moment, then Ann shrugged her powerful shoulders and averted her eyes.

"That wasn't *all* you come to say," she said, almost tremulously.

"No, it wasn't, Ann; I admit it wasn't *all*—not quite all."

There was another silence. Ann fastened the end of the rope to a strong nail driven in the woodwork about the well with firm, steady fingers, then she sighed deeply.

"You see, Ann," Mrs. Waycroft gathered courage to say, "your husband and Nettie live about half a mile or three-quarters from brother's, and I didn't know but what you—I didn't know but what I might accidentally run across them."

Ann's face was hard as stone. Her eyes, resting on the far-off blue mountains and foot-hills, flashed like spiritual fires. It was at such moments that the weaker woman feared her, and Mrs. Waycroft's glance was almost apologetic. However, Ann spoke first.

"You may as well tell me, Mary Waycroft," she faltered, "exactly what you had in mind. I know you are a friend. You are a friend if there ever was one to a friendless woman. What was you thinking about? Don't be afraid to tell me. You could not hurt my feelings to save your life."

"Well, then, I will be plain, Ann," returned the widow. "I have queer thoughts about you sometimes, and last night I laid awake longer than usual and got to thinking about the vast and good blessings I have had in my children, and from that I got to thinking about you and the only baby you ever had."

"Huh! you needn't bother about *that*," said Ann, her lips quivering. "I reckon I don't need sympathy in that direction."

"But I *did* bother; I couldn't help it, Ann; for, you see, it seems to me that a misunderstanding is up between you and Nettie, anyway. She's a grown girl now, and I reckon she can hardly remember you; but I have heard, Ann, that she's never had the things a girl of her age naturally

craves. She's got her beaux over there, too, so folks tell me, and wants to appear well; but Joe Boyd never was able to give her anything she needs. You see, Ann, I just sorter put myself in your place, as I laid there thinking, and it struck me that if I had as much substance as you have, and was as free to give to the needy as you are, that, even if the law *had* turned my child over to another to provide for, that I'd love powerful to do more for it than he was able, showing to the girl, and everybody else, that the court didn't know what it was about. And, Ann, in that way I'd feel that I was doing my duty in spite of laws or narrow public opinion."

Ann Boyd's features were working, a soft flush had come into her tanned cheeks, her hard mouth had become more flexible.

"I've thought of that ten thousand times," she said, huskily, "but I have never seen the time I could quite come down to it. Mary, it's a sort of pride that I never can overcome. I feel peculiar about Net—about the girl, anyway. It seems to me like she died away back there in her baby-clothes, with her playthings—her big rag-doll and tin kitchen—and that I almost hate the strange, grown-up person she's become away off from me. As God is my Judge, Mary Waycroft, I believe I could meet her face to face and not feel—feel like she was any near kin of mine. I can't see no reason in this way of feeling. I know she had nothing to do with what took place, but she represents Joe Boyd's part of the thing, and she's lost her place in my heart. If she could have grown up here with me it would have been different, but—" Ann went no further. She stood looking over the landscape, her hand clutching her strong chin. There was an awkward silence. Some of Ann's chickens came up to her very skirt, chirping and springing open-mouthed to her kindly hand for food. She gently and absent-mindedly waved her apron up and down and drove them away.

"I understand all that," said Mrs. Waycroft; "but I believe you feel that way just because you've got in the habit of it. I really believe you ought to let me"—the speaker caught her breath—"ought to just let me tell Nettie, when I see her, about what I know you to be at heart, away down under what the outside world thinks. And you ought to let me say that if her young heart yearns for anything her pa can't afford to buy, that I know you'd be glad, out of your bounty, to give it to her. I really believe it would open the girl's eyes and heart to you. I believe she'd not only accept your aid, but she'd be plumb happy over it, as any other girl in the same fix would be."

"Do you think that, Mary? Do you think she'd take anything—a single thing from my hands?"

"I do, Ann, as the Lord is my Creator, I do; any natural girl would be only too glad. Young women hungering for nice things to put on along with other girls ain't so particular as some hide-bound old people. Then I'll bet she didn't know what it was all about, anyway."

There was a flush in Ann's strong neck and face to the very roots of her hair. She leaned against the windlass and folded her bare arms. "Between me and you, as intimate friends, Mary Waycroft, I'd rather actually load that girl down with things to have and wear than to have anything on the face of this earth. I'd get on the train myself and go clean to Atlanta and lay myself out. What she had to wear would be the talk of the country for miles around. I'd do it to give the lie to the court that said she'd be in better hands than in mine when she went away with Joe Boyd. Oh, I'd do it fast enough, but there's no way. She wouldn't propose it, nor I wouldn't for my life.

I wouldn't run the risk of being refused; that would actually humble me to the dust. No, I couldn't risk that."

"I believe, Ann, that I could do it for you in such a way that—"

"No, nobody could do it; it isn't to be done!"

"I started to say, Ann, that I believed I could kind o' hint around and find out how the land lies without using your name at all."

Ann Boyd held her breath; her face became fixed in suspense. She leaned forward, her great eyes staring eagerly at her neighbor.

"Do you think you could do that?" she asked, finally, after a lengthy pause. "Do you think you could do it without letting either of them know I was—was willing?"

"Yes, I believe I could, and you may let it rest right here. You needn't either consent or refuse, Ann, but I'll be back here about 12 o'clock Thursday, and I'll tell you what takes place."

"I'll leave the whole thing in your hands," said Ann, and she moved towards the rear door of her house. "Now"—and her tone was more joyful than it had been for years—"come in and sit down."

"No, I can't; I must hurry on back home," said the visitor. "I must get ready to go; Pete wants to make an early start."

"You know you'll have plenty of time all this evening to stuff things in that carpet-bag of yours." Ann laughed, and her friend remarked that it was the first smile and joke she had heard from Ann Boyd since their girlhood together.

"Well, I will go in, then," said Mrs. Waycroft. "I love to see you the way you are now, Ann. It does my heart good."

But the mood was gone. Ann was serious again. They sat in the sitting-room chatting till the people who had been to meeting began to return homeward along the dusty road. Among them, in Sam Hemingway's spring wagon, with its wabbling wheels and ragged oil-cloth top, were Jane and her daughter Virginia, neither of whom looked towards the cottage as they passed.

"I see Virginia's got a new hat," commented Mrs. Waycroft. "Her mother raked and scraped to get it; her credit's none too good. I hear she's in debt up to her eyes. Every stick of timber and animal down to her litter of pigs—even the farm tools—is under mortgage to money-lenders that won't stand no foolishness when pay-day comes. I saw two of 'em, myself, looking over her crop the other day and shaking their heads at the sight of the puny corn and cotton this dry spell. But she'd have the hat for Virginia if it took the roof from over her head. Her very soul's bound up in that girl. Looks like she thinks Virgina's better clay than common folks. They say she won't let her go with the Halcomb girls because their aunt had that talk about her."

"She's no better nor no worse, I reckon," said Ann, "than the general run of girls."

"There goes Langdon Chester on his prancing horse," said Mrs. Waycroft. "Oh, my! that *was* a bow! He took off his hat to Virginia and bent clean down to his horse's mane. If she'd been a queen he couldn't have been more gallant. For all the world, like his father used to be to high and low. I'll bet that tickled Jane. I can see her rear herself back, even from here. I wonder if she's fool enough to think, rascal as he is, that Langdon Chester would want to marry a girl like Virginia just for her good looks."

"No, he'll never marry her," Ann said, positively, and her face was hard, her eyes set in a queer stare at her neighbor. "He isn't the marrying sort. If he ever marries, he'll do it to feather his nest."

The visitor rose to go, and Ann walked with her out to the gate. Mrs. Waycroft was wondering if she would, of her own accord, bring up the subject of their recent talk, but she did not. With her hand on the gate, she said, however, in a non-committal tone:

"When did you say you'd be back?"

"Thursday, at twelve o'clock, or thereabouts," was the ready reply.

"Well, take good care of yourself," said Ann. "That will be a long, hot ride over a rough road there and back."

Going into her kitchen, Ann, with her roughly shod foot, kicked some live embers on the hearth under the pot and kettle containing her dinner, bending to examine the boiling string-beans and hunch of salt pork.

"I don't feel a bit like eating," she mused, "but I reckon my appetite will come after I calm down. Let's see now. I've got two whole days to wait before she gets back, and then the Lord above only knows what the news will be. Seems to me sorter like I'm on trial again. Nettie was too young to appear for or against me before, but now she's on the stand. Yes, she's the judge, jury, and all the rest put together. I almost wish I hadn't let Mary Waycroft see I was willing. It may make me look like a weak, begging fool, and that's something I've avoided all these years. But the game is worth the risk, humiliating as it may turn out. To be able to do something for my own flesh and blood would give me the first joy I've had in many a year. Lord, Lord, maybe she will consent, and then I'll get some good out of all the means I've been piling up. Homely as they say she is, I'd like to fairly load her down till her finery would be the talk of the county, and shiftless Joe Boyd 'ud blush to see her rustle out in public. Nobody knows what a woman will do —but maybe she'll just up and declare to him that she's coming back to me where other things will match her outfit. Come back! how odd!—come back here where she used to toddle about and play with her tricks and toys, on the floor and in the yard. That would be a glorious vindication, and then—I don't know, but maybe I'd learn to love her. I'm sure I'd feel grateful for it—even—even if it was my money and nothing else that brought her to me."

Chapter X.

To Ann Boyd the period between Mrs. Waycroft's departure and return was long and fraught with conflicting emotions. Strange, half-defined new hopes fluttered into existence like young birds in air that was too chill, and this state of mind was succeeded by qualms of doubt and fear not unlike the misgivings which had preceded the child's birth; for it had been during that time of detachment from her little world that Ann's life secret had assumed its gravest and most threatening aspect. And if she had not loved the child quite as much after it came as might have seemed natural, she sometimes ascribed the shortcoming to that morbid period which had been filled with lurking shadows and constantly whispered threats rather than the assurances of a blessed maternity.

Yes, the lone woman reflected, her kind neighbor had taken a reasonable view of the situation. And she tried valiantly to hold this pacifying thought over herself as she sat at her rattling and pounding loom, or in her walks of daily inspection over her fields and to her storage-houses, where her negro hands were at work. Yes, Nettie would naturally crave the benefits she could confer, and, to still darker promptings, Ann told herself, time after time, that, being plain-looking, the girl would all the more readily reach out for embellishments

which would ameliorate that defect. Yes, it was not unlikely that she would want the things offered too much to heed the malicious and jealous advice of a shiftless father who thought only of his own pride and comfort. And while Ann was on this rack of disquietude over the outcome of Mrs. Waycroft's visit, there was in her heart a new, and almost unusual absence of active hatred for the neighbors who had offended her. Old Abe Longley came by the second day after Mrs. Waycroft's departure. He was filled with the augmented venom of their last contact. His eyes flashed and the yellow tobacco-juice escaped from his mouth and trickled down his quivering chin as he informed her that he had secured from a good, law-abiding Christian woman the use of all the pasture-land he needed, and that she could keep hers for the devils' imps to play pranks on at night to her order. For just one instant her blood boiled, and then the thought of Mrs. Waycroft and her grave and spiritual mission cooled her from head to foot. She stared at the old man blankly for an instant, and then, without a word, turned into her house, leaving him astounded and considerably taken aback. That same day from her doorway she saw old Mrs. Bruce, Luke King's mother, slowly shambling along the road, and she went out and leaned on her gate till Mrs. Bruce was near, then she said, "Mrs. Bruce, I've got something to tell you."

The pedestrian paused and then turned in her course and came closer.

"You've heard from my boy?" she said, eagerly.

"No, not since I saw you that day," said Ann. "But he's all right, Mrs. Bruce, as I told you, and prospering. I didn't come out to speak of him. I've decided to drop that law-suit against Gus Willard. He can keep his pond where it is and run his mill on."

"Oh, you don't mean it, surely you don't mean it, Ann!" the old woman cried. "Why, Gus was just back from Darley last night and said your lawyers said thar was to be no hitch in the proceedings; but, of course, if *you* say so, why—"

"Well, I *do* say so," said Ann, in a tone which sounded strange and compromising even to herself. "I *do* say so; I don't want your husband to lose his job. Luke wouldn't like for you to suffer, either, Mrs. Bruce."

"Then I'll go at once and tell Willard," said the older woman, "He'll be powerful glad, Ann, and maybe he will think as I do, an' as Luke always contended against everybody, that you had a lots o' good away down inside of you."

"Tell him what you want to," Ann answered, and she returned to her house.

On the morning she was expecting Mrs. Waycroft to return, Ann rose even before daybreak, lighting an abundant supply of pine kindling-wood to drive away the moist darkness, and bustling about the house to kill time. It was the greatest crisis of her rugged life; not even the day she was wedded to Joe Boyd could equal it in impending gravity. She was on trial for her life; the jury had been in retirement two days and nights carefully weighing the evidence for and against the probability of a simple, untutored country girl's acceptance of certain luxuries dear to a woman's heart, and would shortly render a verdict.

"She will," Ann said once, as she put her ground coffee into the tin pot to boil on the coals—" she will if she's like the ordinary girl; she won't if she's as stubborn as Joe or as proud as I am. But if she does—oh! if she does, won't I love to pick out the things! She shall have the best in the land, and she can wear them and keep them in the log-cabin her father's giving her till she will be

willing to come here to this comfortable house and take the best room for herself. I don't know that I'd ever feel natural with a strange young woman about, but I'd go through it. If she didn't want to stay all the time, I'd sell factory stock or town lots and give her the means to travel on. She could go out and see the world and improve like Luke King's done. I'd send her to school if she has the turn and isn't past the age. It would be a great vindication for me. Folks could say her shiftless father took her off when she was too young to decide for herself, but when she got old enough to know black from white, and right from wrong, she obeyed her heart's promptings. But what am I thinking about, when right at this minute she may?" Ann shrugged her shoulders as she turned from the cheerful fire and looked out on her fields enfolded in the misty robe of early morning. Above the dun mountain in the east the sky was growing yellow. Ann suddenly drew despondent and heaved a deep sigh.

"Even if she *did* come here in the end, and I tried to do all I could," she mused, "Jane Hemingway would begin on her and make it unpleasant. She'd manage to keep all civilization away from the girl, and nobody couldn't stand that. No, I reckon the jig's up with me. I'm only floundering in a frying-pan that will cook me to a cinder in the end. This life's given me the power of making money, but it's yellow dross, and I hate it. It isn't the means to any end for me unless—unless—unless my dau—unless she *does* take Mrs. Wayeroft's offer. Yes, she may—the girl actually may! And in that case she and I could run away from Jane Hemingway—clean off to some new place."

Ann turned back to the fireplace and filled her big delft cup to the brim with strong coffee, and, blowing upon it to cool it, she gulped it down.

"Let's see"—her musings ran on apace—"milching the three cows and feeding the cattle and horses and pigs and chickens will take an hour. I could stretch it out to that by mixing the feed-stuff for tomorrow. Then I could go to the loom and weave up all my yarn; that would be another hour. Then I might walk down to the sugar-mill and see if they are getting it fixed for use when the sorghum's ripe, but all that wouldn't throw it later than ten o'clock at latest, and there would still be two hours. Pete McQuill is easy on horses; he'll drive slow—a regular snail's pace; it will be twelve when he gets to the store, and then the fool may stop to buy something before he brings her on."

The old-fashioned clock on the mantel-piece indicated that it was half-past eleven when Ann had done everything about the house and farm she could think of laying her hands to, and she was about to sit down in the shade of an apple-tree in the yard when she suddenly drew herself up under the inspiration of an idea. Why not start down the road to meet the wagon? No, that would not do. Even to such a close friend as Mrs. Wayeroft she could not make such an obvious confession of the impatience which was devouring her. But, and she put the after-thought into action, she would go to the farthest corner of her own land, where her premises touched the main road, and that was fully half a mile. She walked to that point across her own fields rather than run the chance of meeting any one on the road, though the way over plowed ground, bog, fen, and through riotous growth of thistle and clinging briers was anything but an easy one. Reaching the point to which she had directed her steps, and taking a hasty survey of the road leading gradually up the mountain, she leaned despondently on her rail-fence.

"She won't, she won't—the girl won't!" she sighed. "I feel down in

my heart of hearts that she won't. Joe Boyd won't let her; he'd see how ridiculous it would make him appear, and he'd die rather than give in, and yet Mary Waycroft knows something about human nature, and she said—Mary said—''

Far up the road there was a rumble of wheels. Pete McQuill would let his horses go rapidly downhill, and that, perhaps, was his wagon. It was. She recognized the gaunt, underfed white-and-bay pair through the trees on the mountain-side. Then Ann became all activity. She discovered that one of the rails of the panel of fence near by had quite rotted away, leaving an opening wide enough to admit of the passage of a small pig. To repair such a break she usually took a sound rail from some portion of the fence that was high enough to spare it, and this she now did, and was diligently at work when the wagon finally reached her. She did not look up, although she plainly heard Mrs. Waycroft's voice as she asked McQuill to stop.

''You might as well let me out here,'' the widow said. ''I'll walk back with Mrs. Boyd.''

The wagon was lumbering on its way when Ann turned her set face, down which drops of perspiration were rolling, towards her approaching friend.

''You caught me hard at it.'' She tried to smile casually. ''Do you know patching fence is the toughest work on a farm—harder 'n splitting rails, that men complain so much about.''

''It's a man's work, Ann, and a big, strong one's too. You ought never to tax your strength like that. You don't mean to tell me you lifted that stack of rails to put in the new one.''

''Yes, but what's that?'' Ann smiled. ''I shouldered a hundred-and-fifty-pound sack of salt the other day, and it was as hard as a block of stone. I'm used to anything. But I'm through now. Let's walk on home and have a bite to eat.''

''You don't seem to care much whether—'' Mrs. Waycroft paused and started again. ''You haven't forgotten what I said I'd try to find out over there, have you, Ann?''

''Me? Oh, no, but I reckon I'm about pegged out with all I've done this morning. Don't I look tired?''

''You don't look tired—you look worried, Ann. I know you; you needn't try to hide your feelings from me. We are both women. When you are suffering the most you beat about the bush more than any other time. That's why this is going to be so hard for me.''

''It's going to be *hard* for you, then?'' Ann's impulsive voice sounded hollow; her face had suddenly grown pale. ''I know what *that* means. It means that Joe set his foot down against me and—''

''I wish I could tell you all, every blessed word, Ann, but you've already had too much trouble in this life, and I feel like I was such a big, ignorant fool to get this thing up and make such a mess of it.''

Ann climbed over the fence and stood in the road beside her companion. Her face was twisted awry by some force bound up within her. She laid her big, toil-worn hand on Mrs. Waycroft's shoulder.

''Now, looky here,'' she said, harshly. ''I'm going to hear every word and know everything that took place. You must not leave out one single item. I've got the right to know it all, and I will. Now, you start in.''

''I hardly know how, Ann,'' the other woman faltered. ''I didn't know folks in this world could have so little human pity or forgiveness.''

''You go ahead, do you hear me? You blaze away. I can stand under fire. I'm no kitten. Go ahead, I tell you.''

"Well, Ann, I met Joe and Nettie day before yesterday at bush-arbor meeting. Joe was there, and looked slouchier and more downhearted than he ever did in his life, and Nettie was there with the young man she is about to marry—a tall, serious-faced, parson-like young man, a Mr. Lawson. Well, after meeting, while he was off feeding his horse, I made a break and got the girl by herself. Well, Ann, from all I could gather, she—well, she didn't look at it favorably."

"Stop!" Ann cried, peremptorily, "I don't want any shirking. I want to hear actually every word she said. This thing may never come up between you and me again while the sun shines, and I want the truth. You are not toting fair. I want the facts—*every word the girl said,* every look, every bat of the eye, every sneer. I'm prepared. You talk plain—*plain,* I tell you!"

"I see I'll *have* to," sighed Mrs. Waycroft, her eyes averted from the awful stare in Ann's eyes. "The truth is, Ann, Nettie's been thinking all her life, till just about a month ago, that you were—dead. Joe Boyd told her you was dead and buried, and got all the neighbors to keep the truth from her. It leaked out when she got engaged to young Lawson; his folks, Ann, they are as hide-bound and narrow as the worst hard-shell Baptists here—his folks raised objections and tried to break it off."

"On account of me?" said Ann, under her breath.

"Well, they tried to break it off," evaded Mrs. Waycroft, "and, in all the trouble over it, Nettie found out the facts—Joe finally told her. They say, Ann, that it brought her down to a sick-bed. She's a queer sort of selfish girl, that had always held her head too high, and the discovery went hard with her. Then, Ann, the meanest thing that was ever done by a human being took place. Jane Hemingway was over there visiting a preacher's wife she used to know, and she set in circulation the blackest lie that was ever afloat. Ann, she told over there that all your means—all the land and money you have made by hard toil, big brain, and saving—come to you underhand."

"Underhand?" Ann exclaimed. "What did she mean by that, pray? What could the old she-cat mean by—"

Mrs. Waycroft drew her sun-bonnet down over her eyes. She took a deep breath. "Ann, she's a *terrible* woman. I used to think maybe you went too far in hating her so much, but I don't blame you now one bit. On the way over the mountain, I looked all the circumstances over, and actually made up my mind that you'd almost be justified in killing her, law or no law. Ann, she circulated a report over there that all you own in the world was given to you by Colonel Chester."

"Ugh! Oh, my God!" Ann groaned like a strong man in sudden pain; and then, with her face hidden by her poke-bonnet, she trudged heavily along by her companion in total silence.

"I've told you the worst now," Mrs. Waycroft said. "Nettie had heard all that, and so had Lawson. His folks finally agreed to raise no objections to the match if she'd never mention your name. Naturally, when I told her about what I thought *maybe*—you understand, *maybe*—you'd be willing to do she was actually scared. She cried pitifully, and begged me never to allow you to bother her. She said—I told you she looked like a selfish creature—that if the Lawsons were to find out that you'd been sending her messages it might spoil all. I told her it was all a lie of Jane Hemingway's making out of whole cloth, but the silly girl wouldn't listen. I thought she was going to have a spasm."

They had reached the gate, and,

with a firm, steady hand, Ann opened it and held it ajar for her guest to enter before her.

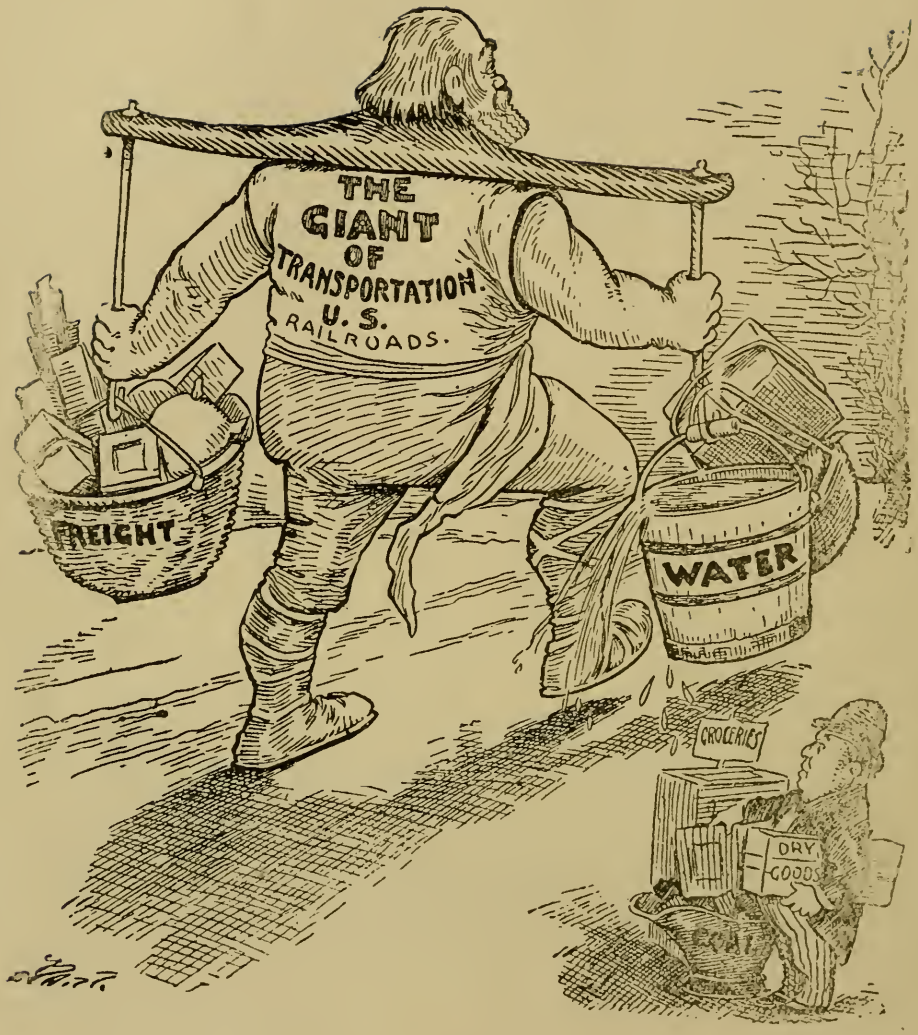
They trudged along the gravel walk, bordered with uneven stones, to the porch and went in. On entering the house Ann always took off her bonnet. She seemed to forget its existence now.

"Yes, I hate that woman," Mrs. Waycroft heard her mutter, "and if the Lord doesn't furnish me with some way of getting even I'll die a miserable death. I could willingly see her writhe on a bed of live coals. No hell could be hot enough for that woman." Ann paused suddenly at the door, and gazed across the green expanse towards Jane's house. Mrs. Waycroft heard her utter a sudden, harsh laugh. "And I think I see her punishment on the way. I see it—I see it!"

"What is it you say you see?" the visitor asked, curiously.

"Oh, nothing!" Ann said, and she sat down heavily in her chair and tightly locked her calloused hands in front of her.

(To be Continued.)



"SEEMS IF."

THE SHIPPER—NOW IT DOES SEEM TO ME THAT IF OUR FRIEND, THE GIANT, DID NOT HAVE TO CARRY SO MUCH WATER HE COULD CARRY MORE FREIGHT."

—Minneapolis Journal.

The Sacrifice.

By Edith Tatum.

AT last the picture of his dreams was finished! Hildreth palette in hand stepped back and regarded it with a sigh of relief. It had haunted him in dim illusory form for months; then gradually it took definite shape and he had begun putting it upon canvas, and as usual with him, had worked feverishly until it stood before him completed.

The background of the picture was the cloudless sky of Egypt, and away to the left the banks of the river Nile; coming from the distance as far as the eye could see, on across the canvas toward the river was a procession—men, women and children, priests and soldiers, all in gala dress, with garlands around their heads.

In the forefront, in the very center of the procession seated on a decorated car, was a white robed girl, her rich red hair and milk white skin in striking contrast to the swarthy Egyptians surrounding her. She leaned a little forward her hand shielding her deep grey eyes from the burning sun, gazing with piteous appeal over the heads of the crowds who lined the way.

To Hildreth, looking long and earnestly through lowered lashes, the picture really lived; the heartless throng moved on toward the river, and the red-haired girl caught his glance and held it. He shuddered involuntarily, for she seemed to have sought him out and to be pleading with him to save her.

In that face, for the first time in his artistic career, he had embodied a memory—a long ago boyish memory of a girl he had known years before he came to New York. In those days when he was with her, he had not realized how much he loved her, but since, every woman he met he almost unconsciously compared with her and would turn away unsatisfied. Her girlish face had haunted him most persistently of late—why, he did not know; perhaps it was the return of spring or an occasional whiff of violets, or perhaps he was growing old and lonely. At last he half thought to rid himself of the vague phantom by giving it form, so he painted it into his picture.

"Ah, don't look at me like that!" he cried, throwing up his arm as if to ward off something; "I never harmed you—I left you, but I think you did not care."

He stepped forward and wrote beneath the picture its title—The Sacrifice.

A half hour later Hildreth went for a walk. There was a little park not far from his studio where he often went to sit and dream in the shade, and there he found himself when he became fully alive to his surroundings. He found his favorite bench and sat down, glancing around to see who kept him company.

A woman seated not far off with her back to him held his attention and awakened his interest—why, he could hardly have told. Her blue tailor gown was shabby in the extreme and her straw hat cheap and worn. Her bowed head—the poise of her slight

figure expressed weariness and dejection.

Hildreth wished he might go and ask her if there was anything he could do to help her. "There now, poor thing, she's crying," he said to himself as he saw her put her handkerchief to her eyes. "I wish she wouldn't do that—it makes a fellow feel so deucedly uncomfortable. I believe I'll just walk on."

On his way to the park he had bought a big bunch of violets. "For auld lang syne" he had whispered to them as he inhaled their fragrance. Now when he rose to go he saw them lying on the bench where he had left them, and a sudden thought struck him. "Why shouldn't I? It could hurt no one—I'm sure I'd feel better." So violets in hand he walked over to the woman who had troubled him. "Madam," he began—but his sentence was never completed; a pair of startled grey eyes were lifted to his, and he stopped, gazing into them, his mind groping in the shadow land of the past. The woman rose to her feet, both hands extended. "Lynn!" she exclaimed, and her voice was joyous.

He took her hands in his own. "Eleanor?" he questioned, light dawning slowly upon him. They stood for a space in a silence that was electrical; then Hildreth exclaimed involuntarily, "Eleanor, you are as beautiful as ever!" In the soft evening light, her eyes sparkling and her face rosy with joy, she looked indeed radiantly beautiful.

"Now Lynn," she said, with a low happy laugh, "sit down and let's talk." And there were so many years for them to cover to piece together the chain of their friendship where it had parted. They talked blithely, gayly, like two children just out of school, touching as lightly as might be on the sorrows of their lives.

"How the time has flown!" cried Eleanor presently, looking at a tiny watch. "Elsie will wonder what has become of me."

"I will walk home with you—if I may? I would like to renew my acquaintance with Elsie."

"Oh, do come! She will be so glad to see you. And we will give you some tea, if you like."

As they walked on a satisfying silence fell upon them. An emptiness, a loneliness in Hildreth's heart, was gone at last, and he determined that before leaving Eleanor to-night he would ask her to become his wife.

"This is home, Lynn," she said, turning to him as they ascended the stairs of an apartment house in a quiet street. In the hall above they stood for a minute listening to someone playing a nocturne of Chopin's.

"It is Elsie," whispered Eleanor. "Come in!" and she opened a door. Hildreth, standing on the threshold, looked within upon a room that seemed strangely familiar. He remembered the quaint brass lamp, the old-fashioned table and chairs and the pervading fragrance of violets. Then the red-haired girl at the piano turned,—their eyes met, and the earth seemed to open beneath his feet. The face he saw before him was that of the long-ago Eleanor he had loved —the haunting spirit of his dreams, the living, breathing image of the embodied memory he had put into his picture.

He looked at the woman standing near him. She was slender almost to emaciation: her hair was lusterless and touched with grey. The contrast between the two was heightened by their dress—the one in white, violet crowned, the other in the worn, unbecoming gown of blue serge.

"This is my little sister Elsie," said a voice; and from immeasurable distance he heard himself reply: "Of course you do not remember me. You were a tiny maid of five when I saw you last."

The rest of the evening was miser-

able to Hildreth. He had felt so sure, so happy but a short half hour before; now he had entirely lost his bearings—he could not adjust this new Eleanor with his memory of her; and to have the old Eleanor in all her youth and beauty smiling at him across the little tea table made his confusion of mind complete. And his heart? How could he be certain of anything!

On reaching his studio he sat for a long time in front of his picture, studying it; and as he looked the face of the girl gradually became Elsie's face.

"Eleanor, Eleanor, what am I to do!" He sprang to his feet and restlessly paced the room. He had left Eleanor without in any way committing himself, but, at the same time he felt in honor bound to her. He had intended telling her of his picture and of her share in it, but he had not done so. He tried not to entertain the thought that she loved him, and yet—his face flushed and he went to the open window and looked out into the night. He thought of their meeting in the park; and suddenly it occurred to him that he had not found out the cause of her tears. She was a stenographer for a rich old man named Scroggs, but she had told it very brightly. He turned back to the picture, and try as he would to have it otherwise, the white-robed girl looked out at him with Elsie's eyes.

II.

The next afternoon when he called Hildreth fould only Elsie at home and they went for a walk. In a pretty summer dress, with her fresh young beauty and rippling laughter, she seemed the very spirit of his youth; the years rolled back and he walked with the Eleanor he had left, the sweetheart of his boyhood dream. For the space of an hour he gave himself up to unquestioning happiness; then they met Eleanor coming from her work, and his heart contracted with sudden pain when he saw how her pale face brightened with pleasure at sight of them.

The next two weeks were the most wretched Hildreth had ever spent. With every visit he made to the pleasant little sitting room his problem only grew greater.

One afternoon he was in his studio trying to paint, but at last he threw his brushes down. His loneliness wrapped him about like a mantle; he felt helpless, hopeless of ever throwing it off. He had questioned his heart and brain until he was tired—weary of it all, body and soul.

"I knocked and you didn't hear, so I just opened the door," cried a blithe voice from across the room.

"And I tried to persuade her not to be so bold, but as usual she would not heed," chimed in a softer tone. Hildreth rose with a start.

Framed in the doorway stood Elsie, her red hair making a glory in the dusky hall; Eleanor in the background seemed almost lost among the shadows.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he began.

"Now don't! it isn't necessary, really," Elsie broke in crisply; "for of course we know you aren't glad, but I don't care in the least." And she tilted her chin at him saucily.

"I insist that I am glad to see you. I was thinking of you at the moment." And his glance included Eleanor. "Come in, won't you? And make yourselves at home."

"Thank you, we shall! each in our own way." And Elsie, laughing, began a tour of the room, flitting like a brilliant humming bird from one object to another, while Eleanor with a sigh of content dropped into a chair.

"We have missed you the last few days," she said, her tone slightly reproachful.

"I wanted to go," he answered hastily, "but I have been quite busy."

"A new picture?"

His conscience gave him a twinge, but he answered: "Yes."

"Is it finished? May we see it?" Her voice was full of eager interest.

Hildreth felt his face slowly reddening under the direct gaze of her clear grey eyes. His own glance fell. "Yes, I have finished it, but,—"

Eleanor wondered at his embarrassment.

"Never mind, if you had rather not show it to us just now," she said gently.

"Eleanor, come here." Elsie's voice sounded odd. Hildreth turned sharply; his worst fears were realized —she had found the picture! She had removed the covering and stood looking at it with an expression of utter wonderment. Deprived of the power of speech or motion, Hildreth seemed a figure cut in stone; only his eyes in painful suspense never wavered from Eleanor's face as she crossed the room to her sister.

She gazed at the picture like one fascinated, her face growing white to the lips. Elsie turned away and left her there. "Is it—Eleanor?" she questioned in an undertone as she drew near to where Hildreth stood. He bowed his head without looking at her. After awhile Eleanor joined them; she shivered slightly, then tried to smile. "Come, little Elsie, we must go home," she said. At the door she turned.

"Lynn, will you come to-morrow evening, please?" Then they were gone and he had said not a word.

III.

To Hildreth's infinite relief both girls greeted him the following evening as if the incident in the studio had never occurred. He was glad to throw himself into their mood and to steer clear of personal matters. They discussed the latest books, the new play, anything and everything but that which was uppermost in the minds of all three.

Eleanor was unusually silent but to Hildreth's sharpened perception she seemed full of suppressed excitement. At last their talk turned back to the past, their old home and mutual friends. It was dangerous ground and Eleanor grew restless.

"Do you remember our picnics in the old elm grove?" Elsie was saying. "There was one afternoon I remember so well—there was a storm, and you and Eleanor—"

Eleanor sprang to her feet. "There is something I must tell you two, to-night," she said hastily, "then Lynn must excuse me and let me go to my room, for I am tired." There was an odd little break in her voice, and she paused, the color leaving her face. "This afternoon," it sounded strange and far away, "I promised Mr. Scroggs, my employer, that I would marry him."

Before either of them could recover from their surprise she had left the room. Elsie was the first to speak. "What on earth does it mean? She positively dislikes him!"

Hildreth did not answer, but stood staring at the door through which Eleanor had passed; then he held out his hand. "Let me say good night now. To-morrow perhaps we will understand." He wanted to be alone with the tumult of his emotions—to try to unravel them and set them in order; he wanted if possible to understand Eleanor's sudden decision and what effect it would have on his life. That it left him free as air—free to lay his heart at Elsie's feet was not his first thought, and when it came to him he rejected it as something unworthy. Like a man in a dream he found his way to his studio and mechanically lit a cigar. Then he began to think—slowly, clearly, holding his emotions in check and letting his brain reign supreme. With the 'thousand eyes' of his mind he looked

at it all—from the day he had held Eleanor's hand in his and they had trudged to school together, declaring on the way that they would be sweethearts forever, down to to-night. For the first time he began to wonder why Eleanor was always weary and Elsie blithe and gay; why Eleanor wore continually a gown of shabby serge while Elsie's dresses were fresh and becoming, and a dozen other things that he had been blind to before. And now this crowning act—why had she done this!

Springing to his feet he crossed the room to where his picture stood, and turning all the lights, he studied it through half closed lids, and as before it seemed vibrant with life.

The white robed girl swayed toward him and the tragic eyes held his with insistent appeal. There flashed across his mental vision the look on Eleanor's face when she said, "I promised Mr. Scroggs that I would marry him," and comparing it with the girl before him found them to be almost identical. The sacrifice! There was the key!—the key to her whole life. He saw it all so clearly now; how Eleanor must have perceived the effect of Elsie's fresh beauty upon him, and afterwards seeing this picture had misunderstood it and straightway thought to remove every barrier between his love and Elsie by sacrificing herself.

"Ah! Eleanor, my dear, my dear," he said aloud, "shall a man give his heart, his life to a face or to a soul?" And returning to his chair by the window he sat dreaming the long night through.

* * * * *

"So don't you see, Eleanor, that it was really you I loved all the time, only I had not the sense to know it?"

He waited in vain for her to answer him, watching eagerly her downcast face. "Dearest, have you nothing to say to me?" he asked, bending nearer.

Beneath his gaze her color deepened until she looked like a sweet pink rose. "Hush Lynn, do not tempt me," she implored.

"Tempt!"

"Yes, Lynn, we must not forget little Elsie and—"

"Eleanor, surely you do not believe she cares? We haven't the least reason to think such an improbable thing!"

She shook her head doubtfully. Just then a merry laugh came up to them through the open window. Hildreth looked out to the street below. "Come here, Eleanor and judge for yourself," he said. She came and stood by him, and following his gaze saw Elsie passing by with an artist friend of Hildreth's. They looked supremely satisfied with each other and the world and Elsie's face wore its brightest smiles.

Lynn turned away from the window. "Now answer me, sweetheart—don't keep me waiting any longer."

She raised her head and looked at him and smiled. Hildreth took her in his arms. "Are you giving yourself to me, Eleanor?"

"Yes," she whispered, her face hidden against his shoulder.

For a time they stood in silence that was perfect in its bliss. Then Hildreth laughed softly.

"Poor Scroggs!" he said.

Eleanor raised her head quickly. "Ah, surely you didn't believe that, Lynn!"

The End.

LEE MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.

General Lee Symposium.

LEE'S HOME AT ARLINGTON, NOW THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, WHERE GENERAL LEE LIVED BEFORE THE WAR.—*Collier's Weekly.*

The above picture is eloquent of the havoc that war worked upon the South. The first citizen of the Confederacy, the commander-in-chief of its armies, had lived, before the war, on the splendid estate at Arlington which is now the National Cemetery for the soldier dead. He had lived in all the state and comfort which his home, still standing in the cemetery, implies. After the war his position was merely typical of the South. Arlington was in the hands of the Federal Government. As an exile from his home, without means, bowed by his own defeat, and discouraged by the distress of all the South, he accepted the hospitality of a friend and lived in "Derwent," a little four-room cottage, in Powhatan County. There he remained until he accepted the post of President of Washington and Lee University.

Poverty, however, did not cloud General Lee's fine perception of ethical standards. A life insurance company, in the way of many life insurance companies since, wished to capitalize Lee's name and prestige. It made him an offer to become "managing director."

Lee's answer is a remarkable document. It is obvious that it was not a studied effort, but merely a reply to a letter. It does not read like the regretful rejection of a temptation. The indication is rather that he was unconscious that his position constituted a temptation. And the very unstudied, off-hand character of it shows how much a part of Lee's very fibre were his splendid standards.

Unstudied as it is, the letter is a perfect expositon of the right attitude of companies and individuals toward their trusts. One can not read the letter without thinking of others who. without Lee's dire necessities, found themselves in Lee's position, and did as Lee did not.—*Colliers' Weekly.*

"DERWENT," THE HUMBLE COTTAGE TO WHICH GENERAL LEE WENT AFTER THE WAR—*Collier's Weekly.*

A LETTER OF GENERAL LEE

Written When He Needed Money Badly, But Was Unwilling to Take it foi a Service for Which He Felt Unqualified —His Letter is a Sermon on Standards of Taste and Public Service.

"Lexington, Va., Dec. 23, 1868.

"DEAR MR. B—: I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 12th and the kind interest you have shown in my welfare. I approve highly of your views, and especially of your course, and feel satisfied that you will accomplish great good. I have considered Mr. F—'s proposition, and though I believe that the establishment in Richmond by the Universal Life Insurance Companies of a branch office, on the plan proposed, would be attended with much benefit, I do not think that I am the proper person for the position of Managing Director. To secure investment of the funds accruing from the Southern business in the present condition of our affairs, it seems to me, would be attended with great trouble, and should be managed with great care. In my present position I fear I should not have time, even if I possessed the ability, to conduct it. Life insurance trusts I consider sacred. To hazard the property of the dead, and to lose the scanty earnings of fathers and husbands who have toiled and saved that they may leave something to their families, deprived of their care and the support of their labor, is to my mind the worst of crimes. I could not undertake such a charge unless I could see and feel that I could faithfully execute it. I have therefore felt constrained, after

deliberation, to decline the proposition of Mr. F—. I trust that the Company may select some better man for the position, for I think in proper hands it would accomplish good. For your interest in my behalf, and for Mr. L—'s kind consideration, I am very grateful. And with my thanks to both of you, and to Mr. F— for his kindness, to whom I trust you to explain the reason of my course, I am, Truly yours,

"R. E. Lee."

Roosevelt on Lee.

"The White House,

"Washington, Jan. 16, 1907 A. D.

"To the Honorable Hilary A. Herbert, Chairman; Chief Justice Seth Sheppard, General Marcus J. Wright, Charles W. Howeser, Mr. William A. Gordon, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, President Edwin Alderman, Mr. Jos. Wilmer and others of the Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration of the Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of General Robert E. Lee:

"Gentlemen:—I regret that it is not in my power to be with you at your celebration. I join with you in honoring the life and career of that great soldier and high-minded citizen, whose fame is now a matter of pride to all our countrymen. Terrible though the destruction of civil war, awful though that such a conflict should occur between brothers, it is a matter for gratitude, on the part of all Americans that this alone among contests of like magnitude, should have left both sides as a priceless heritage the memory of the mighty men and the greatest deeds which iron days brought forth. The courage and steadfastness, the lofty fealty to the right as it was given to each man to see the right, whether he wore the gray or whether he wore the blue, now makes the memories of the valiant feats, alike of those who served under Grant and of those who served under Lee, precious to all good Americans.

"General Lee has left us the memory not merely of his extraordinary skill as a general, his dauntless courage and high leadership in campaign and in battle, but also of that serene greatness of soul characteristic of those who most readily recognize the obligations of civic duty. Once the war was over he instantly undertook the task of healing and binding up the wounds of his countrymen in the true spirit of those who feel malice toward none and charity toward all; in that spirit which from the throes of the civil war brought forth the real and indissoluble union of today. It was eminently fitting that this great man, this war-worn veteran of a mighty struggle who, at its close simply and quietly undertook his duty as a plain, everyday citizen, bent only upon helping his people in the paths of peace and tranquility, should turn his attention toward educational work, toward bringing up in fit fashion the younger generation, the sons of those who had proved their faith by their endeavor in the heroic days.

"There is no need to dwell on General Lee's record as a soldier. The son of Light Horse Harry Lee, of the Revolution, he came naturally by his aptitude for his arms. His campaigns put him in the foremost rank of the great captains of all time. But his signal valor and address in war are no more remarkable than the spirit in which he turned to the work of peace once the war was over. The circumstances were such that most men even of his high character felt bitter and vindictive or depressed or spiritless, but General Lee's heroic temper was not warped nor his great soul cast down. He stood that hardest of all strains, the strain of bearing himself well through the gray evening of failure; and, therefore, out of what

seemed failure he helped to build the wonderful and mighty triumph of our natural life, in which all his countrymen, North and South, share.

"Immediately after the close of hostilities he announced with a clear-sightedness which at that time few indeed of any section possessed that the interests of the Southern States were the same as those of the North. Prosperity of the South would rise or fall with the welfare of the whole country, and that the duty of the citizens appeared too plain to admit of doubt. He urged that all should unite in honest effort to obliterate the effects of war and restore the blessings of peace; that they should remain in the country, strive for harmony and good feeling, and devote their abilities to the interests of their people and the healing of dissensions.

"To every one who applied to him this was the advice he gave. Although absolutely without means he refused all offers of pecuniary aid and all positions of emolument, although many such at a high salary were offered him. He declined to go abroad, saying that he sought only 'a place to earn honest bread while engaged in some useful work.' This statement brought him the offer of the presidency of Washington college, an institution in Lexington, Va., which had grown out of a modest foundation known as Liberty Hill Academy. Washington had endowed this Academy with one hundred shares of stock, that had been given to him by the State of Virginia, which he had accepted only on condition that he might with them endow some educational institution. To the institution which Washington helped to found in such a spirit, Lee, in the same fine spirit, gave his services. He accepted the position of President at the salary of $1,500 a year in order as he stated, that he might do some good to the youth of the South.

"He applied himself to his new work with the same singleness of mind which he had shown in leading the army of Northern Virginia. All the time, by word and deed, he was striving for the restoration of real peace, of real harmony, never uttering a word of bitterness nor allowing a word of bitterness uttered in his presence to go unchecked. From the close of the war to the time of his death all his great powers were devoted to two objects. To the reconciliation of all his countrymen with one another and to fitting the youth of the South for the duties of a lofty and broad-minded citizenship.

MISS MARY CURTIS LEE, THE ONLY LIVING DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL.

"Such is the career that you gather to honor, and I hope that you will take advantage of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth by appealing to all our people in every section of this country to commemorate his life and his deeds by the establishment at some representative educational institution of the South of some permanent memorial that will serve the youth of the coming years, as he, in the closing years of his life, served those who so sorely needed what he so freely gave.

"Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

A Tribute to the Great Confederate by Gen. Fred Grant.

My father, Gen. U. S. Grant, knew Lee and admired and respected him. They were both in the Mexican war, Lee serving on Gen. Scott's staff and my father as a regimental Lieutenant. They met at the City of Mexico in 1847, and in 1865, at Appomattox, Gen. Lee told my father that he remembered that early meeting very well.

Lee went out of West Point a Second Lieutenant in the Engineer Corps in 1829; my father's class was 1843. Up to 1861, therefore, Gen. Lee had seen over thirty years of service in the army. Like Gen. Grant he won promotion and commendation in the Mexican campaign. He was brevetted Colonel for gallantry at Chapultepec. He went into the service of the Confederacy with a long and brilliant record as a soldier behind him.

It was my father's judgment that Gen. Lee was a great defensive soldier. It is a quality that is exceedingly valuable; and, considering that the problem of the South was to meet and beat back the invading troops from the North, no better man could have been found to direct the Confederate forces. He showed real genius in his disposition of his forces, as, for instance, when he was put in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. He made them safe, intrenched them, and secured his line of communication, turning over the task of reconnoitering the Union position to "Jeb" Stuart.

One of his greatest assets as a military leader was his personality. Every one who met him was charmed and impressed by his force. The South had perfect confidence in him—the same sort of enthusiasm for him that his friends felt. With Lee at the front, thoughtful, experienced, calm, conservative, there was no nervousness at Richmond. The smallest landholder, as well as Jefferson Davis himself, felt that the right man was in command.

The South was behind Lee; he had the confidence of Richmond; and, what was more to the point, his whole army believed in him. He was a model man, had been a model cadet at West Point, and his thoughtful care of his men endeared them to him. Once he wrote to Mrs. Lee acknowledging the receipt of a bundle of socks, and said that he had just distributed 263 pairs to the Stonewall Brigade.

My own impression of the man, of course, has been obtained largely from what I've heard my father say of him. At Appomattox Gen. Grant met him not as an enemy, but as a noble-hearted, high-minded man who had simply taken a different view on a very vital subject. That winning personality which had charmed the whole South appealed strongly to my father.

Gen. Lee was a beautiful, lovable character; he was the best type of Christian gentleman. In his military character he lived up to his motto: "In planning, all dangers should be seen; in action none, unless very formidable." He came of good stock—he was the son of "Light-Horse Harry"— and of a family that was richly endowed with the power to attract a following. Few men have been so human, and at the same time held the confidence of military men. —From *Collier's*.

In Honor of General Lee.

In one of his books, "The Life of Thomas H. Benton," Mr. Roosevelt says:

"The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee; and their Leader will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth — and this,

ROBERT E. LEE, JR., WHO WITH HIS SISTER ATTENDED THE EXERCISES AT RICHMOND.

although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

Thus, with a generosity for which he has never received full credit, Mr. Roosevelt classes Robert E. Lee higher than General U. S. Grant, higher than the victor of Waterloo, higher than the victor of Blenheim, higher than the victor of Agincourt and Poictiers.

But it was not only as a soldier that Lee was the flower of the Anglo-Saxon race. Like Washington, he was an all-round *man*. Like Washington, he was great in almost any aspect of his character, and, like Washington, *his mere manhood* dominated all of his mental qualities. Like Washington, Lee was a perfect specimen of physical manhood, a perfect type of manly beauty, with nothing effeminate, nothing affected, nothing abnormal, nothing lacking to make up *that superb balance* of qualities which was the strongest thing about George Washington. But in Lee there was more approachableness than there was in Washington. In the Father of his Country, there was a slight touch of *"The Grand Seigneur."* There was something of austerity, a loftiness of port which held the average man at arm's length. There was something lacking in ease, sociability, unreserve, and frank meeting of mind to mind, the cordial clasping of hand to hand. About Washington there was always something of frigid formality, something of the drawing of invisible lines around himself, separating himself from others. In exacting scrupulous respect, he came dangerously near to chilling affection. It is much easier to imagine that all those who moved about Washington, serving with him and serving for him, held him *in profound respect* rather than in *love*. So much of a stickler for form and ceremony was George Washington, and so deliberately planned were all of his words and actions, that he sometimes makes one think him a huge piece of irresistible machinery, rather than *a man with whom one could sit down and fold one's legs and have a quiet heart to heart talk*.

With General Lee it was very different. During the whole course of his life, it is doubtful if anyone ever treated him with disrespect; and yet he was perfectly approachable. There were no icy barriers built up between himself and his fellow man. He moved among them like a superior being, and yet there was not one of the thousands who moved around him and who felt that he *was* a superior being who would have hesitated to have lifted his cap and spoken to General Lee as man to man, with absolute confidence that he would be treated with courtesy. Consequently, the feeling inspired by General Lee was not at all like that inspired by Marlborough, Wellington and Washington. Marlborough's troops followed him on the battlefield with supreme confidence that they would win a victory, but in their hearts they despised him *as a man*, because they knew he was totally lacking in honesty, and that he was amassing a filthy fortune by robbing his own soldiers in the commissariat. Wellington's troops

would give him implicit obedience and follow him blindly anywhere, for they knew his capacity as a military leader; but it is doubtful if Wellington had a friend in the English army. A more unsympathetic, wooden, stolid, thoroughly unlovable man than Wellington it would be difficult to name.

In Washington's character there was a curious vein of hardness and exaction which made it impossible for him to have *friends*. *Admirers* he could have, and did have—men who would have died to win his smile, men who would have gone to death at his orders as the bridegroom rushes to the arms of his bride—but I really do not think that George Washington *ever had a friend*. To me, he seems to stand out in almost pathetic loneliness, condemned thereto by his own ideas of dignity, formality and rigid propriety. When he rejected the toll which his old companion in arms, General Stone, had paid in crossing the Potomac at Mt. Vernon, he revealed that curious trait to which I allude. When he wrote to his manager during the war, not to sell his wheat for Continental Currency, but *to exact gold and silver*, he exhibited the trait to which I refer. When he would higgle and haggle in a horse-trade, endeavoring to beat down the price in such a way that this well-known trait of his became a subject about which Light Horse Harry Lee used to make jocular references at Washington's own table—thereby calling forth peals of laughter from Mrs. Martha Washington and a dry remark from George, "Lee, you *are a funny fellow*"—the reader will understand what I mean.

When I see George Washington quietly buying up, for a mere song, the landscript of the soldiers who had followed him through the Revolutionary War, and who were then without money, almost without clothing and food—thereby trading on the necessities of his own companions in arms and amassing that enormous amount of real estate which made him a millionaire of his day—you will understand what I mean by the difference between Washington and Robert E. Lee.

In the character of Lee there was none of those hard, exacting, money-seeking traits that were companions in the make-up of Washington.—From *Watson's Weekly Jeffersonian.*

GEN. LEE ON "TRAVELER."—*From Long's Memoirs. J. M. Stoddard Co.*

General Lee on "Traveler".

General Lee and his war-horse "Traveler" are so intimately associated that every old Confederate veteran will appreciate and treasure the following, written by Thomas L. Brown and published in the Richmond *Dispatch,* August 10, 1886:

"He (Traveler) was raised by Mr. Johnston, near the Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, Va., (now West Virginia); was of the Gray Eagle stock, and, as a colt, took the first premium under the name of Jeff Davis at the Lewisburg fair for each of the years 1859 and 1860. He was four years old in the spring of 1861.

"When the 'Wise Legion' was encamped on Sewell Mountain, opposing the advance of the Federal army under General Rosecrans in the fall

of 1861, I was Major to the Third Regiment of Infantry in that legion, and my brother, Captain Joseph M. Brown, was Quartermaster to the same regiment. I authorized my brother to purchase a good, serviceable horse of the best Greenbrier stock for our use during the war. After much inquiry and search, he came across the horse above mentioned, and I purchased him for $175 (gold value), in the fall of 1861, of Captain James W. Johnston, son of the Mr. Johnston first above mentioned. When the Wise Legion was encamped about Meadow Bluff and Big Sewell Mountains I rode this horse, which was then greatly admired in camp for his rapid springy walk, his high spirit, bold carriage and muscular strength. He needed neither whip nor spur, and would walk his five or six miles an hour over rough mountain roads of Western Virginia with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check by a tight rein, such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead as soon as he was mounted.

"When General Lee took command of the Wise Legion and Floyd Brigade, which was encamped at and near Big Sewell Mountain in the fall of 1861, whenever the general saw my brother on this horse he had something pleasant to say to him about 'my colt,' as he designated this horse.

"As the winter approached, the climate in the Western Virginia mountains caused Rosecran's army to abandon its position on Big Sewell and retreat westward. General Lee was thereupon ordered to South Carolina. The Third Regiment of the Wise Legion was subsequently detached from the army in Western Virginia and ordered to the South Carolina coast, where it was known as the Sixtieth Virginia Regiment, under Col. Starke.

"Upon seeing my brother on his horse, near Pocataligo, in South Carolina, General Lee at once recognized the horse and again inquired pleasantly about his colt. My brother then offered him the horse as a gift, which the general promptly declined, and at the same time remarked: 'If you will willingly sell me the horse, I will gladly use it for a week or so to learn its qualities.' Thereupon my brother had the horse sent to General Lee's stable. General Lee returned the horse, stating that the animal suited him, but that he could no longer use so valuable a horse in such times unless it were his own: that if he (my brother) would not sell, please to keep the horse with many thanks. This was in February, 1862. At that time I was in Virginia on the sick list from a long and severe attack of camp fever, contracted in the campaign on Big Sewell Mountain. My brother wrote to me of General Lee's desire to have the horse, and asked me what he should do. I replied at once, 'If he will not accept it, then sell it to him at what it cost me.' He then sold the horse to General Lee for $200 in currency, the sum of $25 having been added by General Lee to the price I gave for the horse in September, 1861, to make up for the depreciation in our money from September, 1961, to February, 1862.

"Captain Robert E. Lee, Jr., youngest son of the general, in his 'Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee,' has much to say of Traveler. To an artist who wanted to paint the horse, General Lee wrote:

" 'If I were an artist like you I would draw a picture of Traveler, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat,

GENERAL LEE AT GETTYSBURG.—*Neal Pub. Co., New York.*

cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray.' ''

Lee at Gettysburg

By O. D. Gorman.

Read at Talbotton, Ga., Jan. 19, 1907.

Upon the crown of Gettysburg I stood,
And saw the legions of the blue and gray,
The thousands tramping on the fateful field,
To battle for a nation's birth that day.
Blue robed and gray the rugged hills with lines
Long drawn—and from fat ripening fields of grain,
I saw full half a thousand cannon flash,
And heard the rifles crack above the slain.

Look to the left, where Doubleday, hard pressed,
Sends bold defiance to the guns of Lee;

And see brave Ewell push his lines to make
That day the reddest day in history.
Lee, Gordon, Johnston, Doles and Hill, where flowed
The tides of valor; and where Pickett led
Mark well the thousands on the fire-crowned hills,
Who fought to gain the day with Armistead.

At "Round Top" see the dauntless lines of gray,
With standards flashing through the storm of shell;
See how the battered veterans die to prove
Their love for land and cause they served so well.
For there did Lee push oft his standards forth,
There hand-to-hand did Pickett cleave his way,
As met the columns on the flaming heights,
'Till victory or defeat should claim the day.

And those who dared the crest that day strove well
To signal forth a nation's birth and fate,
Though Southern hope died at the cannon's mouth,
And Southern dreams were dead and desolate!
Yes, truly passed a nation that sad day,
Though strong the heart of Lee, and brave his tears;
Then fold the banners, for they, too, shall tell
The epic grand of all his battle years.
Who, then, the tragic story shall indite
Of battles lost, or battles grandly won,
Of march and counter-march, of patriot love,
Of duty, and his sleep at Lexington?
Yes, fold the standards o'er a cause that died,
And History with her tragic pen shall prove
How well the South's ideal hero claims
A nation's homage and a nation's love.

General Lee Was Right to Follow State.

Extract from speech of Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, delivered at Lexington, Va., Jan. 19th, 1907.

"I maintain that every man in the eleven states seceding from the union, had in 1861, whether he would or no, to decide for himself whether to adhere to his state or to the nation; and I finally assert that whichever way he decided, if only he decided honestly, putting self-interest behind him, he did right.

"But this, it will be replied, though true of the ordinary man and citizen, should not have been true of the graduate of the military academy, the officer of the army of the United States. Winfield Scott and George G. Thomas did not so construe their allegiance; when the issue was presented, they remained true to their flag and to their oaths. Robert E. Lee, false to his oath and flag, was a renegade! The answer is brief and to the point—the conditions in the several cases were not the same—neither Scott nor Thomas was Lee. It was our Boston Dr. Holmes who long ago declared that the child's education begins about two hundred and fifty years before it is born; and it is quite impossible to separate any man—least of all, perhaps, a full-blooded Virginian—from his parental traditions and living environment. From them he drew his being; in them he exists. Robert E. Lee was the embodiment of

those conditions, the creature of that environment—a Virginian of Virginians.

"To ask Lee to raise his hand against Virginia was like asking Montrose or the MacCallum Moore to head a force designed for the subjection of the Highlands and the destruction of the clans. Where such a stern election is forced upon a man as confronted Lee, the single thing the fair-minded investigator has to take into account is the loyalty, the single-mindedness of the election. Was it devoid of selfishness—was it free from any baser and more sordid worldly motive — ambition, pride, jealousy, revenge or self-interest? To this question there can, in the case of Lee, be but one answer. When, after long and trying mental wrestling, he threw in his fate with Virginia, he knowingly sacrificed everything which man prizes most—his dearly beloved home, his means of support, his professional standing, his associates, a brilliant future assured to him. Born a slaveholder in a race of slaveholders, he was himself no defender, much less an advocate of slavery; on the contrary, he did not hesitate to pronounce it in his place 'a moral and political evil.' Later, he manumitted his slaves. He did not believe in secession; as a right reserved under the constitution, he pronounced it 'idle talk;' but, as a Virginian, he also added, 'if the government is disrupted, I shall return to my native state and share the miseries of my people, and save in defense will draw my sword on none.' "

The speaker sketched Lee's career throughout the civil war, and gave him high credit for his decision to surrender at Appomatox rather than prolong the inevitable by a guerilla warfare. Mr. Adams then concluded:

"Speaking advisedly and on full reflection, I say that of all the great characters of the civil war, and it was productive of many, whose names and deeds posterity will long bear in recollection, there was not one who passed away in the serene atmosphere and with the gracious bearing of Lee. From beginning to end those parting years of his will bear closest scrutiny. There was about them nothing venal, nothing querulous, nothing in any way sordid or disappointing. In his case there was no anti-climax; for those closing years were dignified, patient, useful; sweet in domesticity, they in all things commanded respect.

"Because no blood flowed on the scaffold, and no confiscations of houses or lands marked the close of our war of secession, it has always been assumed by us of the victorious party that extreme, indeed, unprecedented, clemency, was shown to the vanquished, and that subsequently they had no good ground of complaint or sufficient cause for restiveness. That history will accord assent to this somewhat self-complacent conviction is open to question. On the contrary, it may not unfairly be doubted whether a people prostrate after civil strife has often received severer measure than was inflicted on the so-called reconstructed confederate states during the years immediately succeeding the close of strife. Adam Smith somewhere defined rebels and heretics as 'those unlucky persons who, when things have come to a certain degree of violence, have the misfortune to be of the weaker party.' Spoliation and physical suffering have immemorially been their lot. The confederate, it is true, when he ceased to resist, escaped this visitation in its usual and time-approved form. Nevertheless, he was by no means exempt from it. In the matter of confiscation, it has been computed that the freeing of the slaves by act of war swept out of existence property valued at some two thousand millions; while, over and above this, a system of simultaneous reconstruction subjected the disfranchised master to the rule of the enfranchised bondsman.

"For a community conspicuously masterful, and notoriously quick to resent affront, to be thus placed by alien force under the civil rule of those of a different and distinctly inferior race, only lately their property, is not physical torment, it is true, but that it is mild or considerate treatment can hardly be contended. Yet this—slave confiscation, and reconstruction under African rule—was the war penalty imposed on the states of the confederacy. That the policy inspired at the time a feeling of bitter resentment in the south was no cause for wonder. Upon it time has already recorded a verdict. Following the high precedent set at Appomattox, it was distinctly unworthy. Conceived in passion, it ignored both science and the philosophy of statesmanship; worse yet, it was ungenerous. Lee, for instance, again setting the example, applied formally for amnesty and a restoration of civil rights within two months of his surrender. His application was silently ignored; while he died 'a prisoner on parole,' the suffrage denied him was conferred on his manumitted slaves. Verily, it was not alone the base Indian of the olden time who 'threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.'"

Hon. Benjamin H. Hill before the Sou Historical Society at Atlanta, Ga., July 18, 1874.

When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression and a victim without murmuring. He was without reproach; a Christian without hypocricy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles!

RECUMBENT STATUE AT LEXINGTON, VA. BY VALENTINE.

Review of Reviews.

THE WRECK OF A DINING-CAR IN THE RECENT SOUTHERN RAILWAY DISASTER IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD, SAMUEL SPENCER, WAS KILLED.

Napoleon's Final Return.

Much has been said about Napoleon's return from Elba. Comparatively little has been said about his return from St. Helena. Twice was he banished by the confederated kings of Europe. The first time, he was sent away to Elba, and given a miniature kingdom there. He was allowed a toy empire as a play-thing. Bursting the bars of this cage, the giant sprang once more upon the soil of France; gave his banner to the breeze; made his appeal to the French heart and soul, and thus single-handed, overthrew the Bourbon Dynasty which the allied kings of Europe had forced upon the French at the point of bayonet.

The second time, after those horrible mistakes and treacheries which caused him to lose the battle which he should have won at Waterloo, he was banished. In this second and final banishment, there was no semblance of royalty; there was no pretense of imperial state. He was not given a toy kingdom to play with. He was not allowed to pose as Emperor. His captivity was made to assume all the rigors of reality. In every possible way he was humiliated and made to suffer. They tortured him relentlessly, systematically, vindictively, until the grave closed over him.

After this, the years came in and the years went out. Changes took place in Europe. The Divine Right for which Metternich, William Pitt, Talleyrand and the Pope had constantly struggled, was driven away to take its place among those chains, those yokes, those intolerable fetters which the human race in its progress upward has cast aside. Democracy, whose soldier Napoleon had been, once more became ascendant. France found herself again. In her freedom, *clothed in her right mind,* answering the promptings of her own heart, *she demanded the return of her greatest ruler.* That return is the most dramatic event recorded by history. The funeral of Alexander the Great was as nothing compared to it. The public burning of the corpse of Julius Caesar, *pierced with wounds dealt him by those whom he trusted,* was as nothing compared to it. Among all the children of men none have had such a final escort to the tomb as was given by the French people to this dead Corsican, who had gone out, moneyless and friendless, to a charity school, and who from that charity school had gone forth to conquer the world in which he lived, and to lay his mighty impress upon history for all time to come.

This return of Napoleon to France has been described in prose by the author of "The Story of France;" it was also described, but in poetry, by Victor Hugo. It may interest the readers of this magazine to read both these descriptions, in this hope we give them both.

The Emperor's Return.

Poem by Victor Hugo.

Sire! to thy capital thou shalt come back,
Without the battle's tocsin and wild stir;
Beneath the arch, drawn by eight steeds coal black,
Dressed like an Emperor.

Thro' this same portal, God accompanying,
Sire! thou shalt come upon the car of state;

Like Charlemagne, a high ensainted king,
Like Caesar, wondrous great.

On thy gold sceptre, to be vanquish'd never,
Thy crimson beaked bird shall shine anon;
Upon thy mantle all thy bees ashiver
Shall twinkle in the sun.

Paris shall light up all her high and hundred
Towr's; shall speak out with all her tones sublime;
Bells, clarions, rolling drums shall all be thunder'd
In music at a time.

A mighty people, pale, with steps that falter,
Shall come to thee, by one attraction drawn,
Awe-stricken as a Priest before the altar,
Glad as a child at dawn,—

A people who would lay all laws e'er sung
Or storied at thy feet—aye floating on,
Intoxicate, from Bonaparte the young
To old Napoleon.

Then a new army, burning for the advance,
In exploit terrible, round thy car shall cry
Amain, "Vive L'Empereur!" and Vive La France!"
And seeing thee pass by,

Chief of the mighty Empire! down shall fall
People and troops—but thou before their view
Shall not be able to stoop down at all
With— "I am pleased with you."

An acclamation, tender, lofty, sweet,
A heart-song high as ecstasy can bear it,
Shall fill, O Captain mine! the city's street,
But thou shall never hear it.

Stern Grenadiers, the veterans we admire,
Mute thy steed's steps shall kiss-albeit
A sight pathetic, beautiful, yet sire!
Your majesty shall not see it.

While round thy form gigantic, like a friend,
France and the world awake in shadows deep,
Here in thy Paris ever, world without end,
Thou shalt lie fast asleep—

Ay, fast asleep with that same sullen slumber
Those fadeless dreams that on his stone chair fix
The Barbarossa, sitting out that number
Of centuries now six.

Thy sword beside thee, and thine eyelids close,
Thy hand yet moved by Bertrand's kiss—the last;
Upon the bed whence sleeper never rose,
Thou shalt be stretched full fast.

Like to those soldiers marching bolt upright,
So often after thee to field or town,
Who by the wind of battle touch'd one night
Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers, not like those whose race is run,
With grave, proud attitude of armed men—
But them that voice of dawn, the morning gun,
Shall never wake again.

Yea, so much like, that seeing thee all ice,

Like a mute god permitting adoration,
They who came smiling love-drunk, in a trice
Shall raise a lamentation.

Sire! at that moment thou, for kingdom meet,
Shall have all beating hearts to be thine own.
Nations shall make thy phantom take a seat,
A universal throne.

Poets select, upon their knees in dust,
Shall hail thee far diviner than of old,
And gild thine altar, stain'd by hands unjust,
With a sublimer gold.

The clouds shall pass away from thy great glory;
Nothing to trouble it for aye shall come;
It shall expand itself o'er all our story,
Like a vast azure dome.

Yea, thou shalt be to all a presence solemn,
Both good and great—to France an exile high
And calm—a brass Colossus on thy column
To every stranger's eye.

But thou, the while the sacred pomp shall lead
A cortege such as time hath never heard,
So that all eyes shall seem to see indeed
A vanished world upstirr'd;

The while they hear (hard by the wondrous dome
Where shadows keep the great names that men mark
In Paris still) the old guns growling home
Their master with a bark;

The while thy name without a peer shall soar,
Illustrious, beautiful to Heav'n ah! thou
Shalt in the darkness feel for evermore
The grave-worm on thy brow.

* * *

Extract From Watson's "Life of Napoleon."

One day, at St. Helena, there was a stormy interview between prisoner and jailer, between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe. The book from Hobhouse had been kept by the governor, and this and many other things the captain resented.

"I detained the book because it was addressed to the Emperor," said Lowe.

"And who gave you the right to dispute that title?" cried Napoleon, indignantly.

"In a few years your Lord Castlereagh and all the others, and you yourself, will be buried in the dust of oblivion; or, if your names be remembered at all, it will be only on account of the indignity with which you have treated me; but the Emperor Napoleon will continue forever the subject, the ornament of history, and the star of civilized nations. Your libels are of no avail against me. You have expended millions on them; what have they produced? Truth pierces through the clouds; it shines like the sun, and like the sun it cannot perish!"

To which proud boast Sir Hudson Lowe replied, as he records, "You make me smile, sir."

Sir Hudson may have smiled then, and may have kept on smirking as long as Napoleon lived. Nothing seemed less likely than that the prophetic words of the prisoner would come true. But there came a time when Sir Hudson did not smile. When death had released the prisoner, and the faithful companions of his years of misery went home and

told their story,—O'Meara in England, Las Casas and Montholon in France,—Sir Hudson did not smile; for all Europe rang with his name, and all generous hearts condemned him. He turned to British courts for vindication, and did not get it. He applied to the English ministers for high, permanent employment and liberal pension, and he got neither the one nor the other. Young Las Casas invited him to fight, and he did not fight. He dropped into a contempt which was so deep and so universal that even Wellington, in effect turned his back upon the creature he had used, having no further need for just such a man.

"You make me smile, sir," said amused Sir Hudson, when the shabbily clad, prematurely decrepit man, standing on the hearth of his dismal room, prophesied his political resurrection and his final triumph over his enemies. Had Castlereagh heard, he also would have smiled, not foreseeing that ghastly climax to political prostitution, when, after a lifetime of truckling to royalism and of doing its foulest work, he should find the whole world turn black, should cut his own throat, and be followed to his tomb by the hoots of an English mob!

Wellington, too, would have been amused at hearing the prisoner's prophecy; would have thought Napoleon insane, not foreseeing the perilous times in England when the progress of liberalism would break the line of his Tory opposition, would win triumphs for reform in spite of his threat that he would have his dragoons "sharp grind their sabres as at Waterloo." With the windows of his London home smashed by a British mob, with millions of liberals shouting demands for better laws, so fiercely that even Wellington gave up trust in those sharp-ground swords, there came a day when the Iron Duke may have remembered the prophet of St. Helena, and read the words again —without a smile.

"In a few years you and all the others will be buried in the dust of oblivion; but the Emperor will live forever, the ornament of history, the star of civilized nations!"

It was a proud boast and proudly has time made it good. In a few years the Bourbons had played out their shabby parts on the throne of France, and had gone into final and hopeless exile, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Liberalism had risen from defeats, and made its will supreme. Both in England and in France the Old Order had passed away; principles more enlightened prevailed. A new day had dawned, not cloudless nor free from storm, but better and brighter than 1815 or 1821. In the year of Our Lord 1840, the thought of the two great nations turned to the grave at St. Helena. France asked, and England gave—whom? The Emperor! Not "Bonaparte" nor "General Bonaparte," but Napoleon, "the Emperor and king."

The grave at St. Helena was opened; the perfectly preserved face, beautiful in death, uncovered amid sighs and tears; and then the body, taken away to be entombed "upon the banks of the Seine in the midst of the people whom I have so much loved," was received on board a royal ship, by a prince of the Bourbon house of Orleans, with masts squared, flags flying, cannon booming, drums beating, and every note of triumph swelling the pomp of that imperial reception.

With a vast outpouring of the people, France welcomed the greatest Frenchman home.

"Truth cuts through the clouds; shines like the sun; and like the sun it is immortal!" Sublime confidence, sublimely justified!

"You make me smile, sir," said Lowe; but that was many years since.

It is 1840 now, and Napoleon's turn has come.

From king to peasant, all France starts up to meet her returning hero. He comes back to a throne which none dispute. He comes back to a dominion no Marmont can betray. Allied kings will league themselves in vain to break that imperial supremacy. No Talleyrand or Fouche or Bourmont can find for treachery a leverage to overthrow that majestic power. No. It is secure in a realm which envy and malice and ignoble passion may invade, but cannot conquer. It has linked itself with things immortal; and for this imperial career and fame there can be no death.

Let Cherbourg's thousand guns salute! Let triumphal arches span the Seine as he passes on his way! Let hill and slope and river bank hold their gazing hosts! Let flowers and garlands shower down on the bier from every bridge. Let aged peasants drop on reverent knees, fire the old musket in humble salute, and then cover the weeping faces with trembling hands! Cold is this December day; but winter cannot chill this vast enthusiasm. From the quay, where the funeral barge moors, to the Church of the Invalides where the tomb waits, a million people throng the route. Streets, avenues, squares, balconies, windows, roofs, trees—all are full of people. Cannon, drums, military bands, the tramp of men and war-horses, the glitter of endless lines of soldiers, the songs which rouse the passions and the memories, the shouts of dense crowds stirred by electrical emotions—all these mark this December day as the gorgeous funeral car bears Napoleon to his final rest. There is the white war-horse, not Marengo, but one like him; and upon the horse is the saddle and the bridle Napoleon had used. There are his old Marshals, Moncey, Soult and Oudinot; there are Bertrand and Gourgaud and Las Casas, the faithful companions of his long exile. But above all there are the relics of his ancient wars to come weeping around the bier; and there is a remnant of his Old Guard to march with him to his tomb. Oh, the magic of the mighty dead! No freezing December air can keep down the fervor which makes the great city ring with cries of "Live the Emperor!"

Sixteen black horses, plumed and draped, draw the loftly funeral car over which lies the purple velvet robe, and in which is the coffin marked, at last, in letters of gold, "Napoleon." Princes of the Church came forth to meet the body; a king and his court and the proudest notables of France within to receive it.

"The Emperor!" cries the herald at the door; and the brilliant assembly rises, as one man, and makes the reverent bow to the dead man who enters.

Over all is the spell of a master spirit; over all the spell of a deathless past.

The sword of Austerlitz is handed to King Louis Philippe by Soult; and the king gives it to the faithful Bertrand; and Bertrand lays it, reverently, upon his master's coffin. The awful stillness of the great temple is broken by the sobs of gray-haired soldiers.

With a grand Requiem chant, the funeral ends; but the silent procession of mourners coming in endless lines to view the coffin lasts more than a week, bringing people from all parts of France, from Belgium, and from other lands.

Nor has that procession ended yet. Around the great man, lying there in his splendid tomb, with his marshals near him and the battle-flags he made famous drooping about him, still flows the homage of the world. The steps of those who travel, like the thoughts of those who are students of human affairs, turn from the four quarters of the earth to the tomb of this mightiest of men.

His impress lies upon France for-

ever, in her laws, her institutions, her individual and national life; but his empire does not stop with France,—is cramped by no "natural limits" of Rhine and Alps and Pyrenees.

By force of genius and of character, by superior fitness to do great things, he was the chief usurper of his time. He is the usurper yet, and for the same reasons. He did the work kings ought to have done,—doing it in spite of the kings. He does it yet, in spite of the kings.

His hand, as organizer of the Revolution, which was greater even than he, is at the loom where the life-garments of nations are woven. Listen to this voice, coming out of Italy: "Within the space of ten years we had made (under Napoleon) more progress than our ancestors had done in three centuries. We had acquired the French civil, criminal and commercial codes; we had abolished the feudal system, and justice was administered with improved methods." So wrote General Pepe; and what he said of Italy was equally true of every other portion of Continental Europe which had come under the imperial sway. It was this work Napoleon was doing from the very first day he grasped the reins of power; it was this work the allied kings dreaded; it was this work they meant to stop.

In that he strove for himself and his dynasty, Napoleon failed miserably, for to that extent he betrayed his trust, was false to his mission, wandered from the road. But so far as his toil was for others, for correct principles, for better laws, better conditions, productive of happier homes and better men and women, he did not fail. No Leipsic or Waterloo could destroy what was best in his career: no William Pitt could pile up sufficient gold to bribe into the field kings strong enough to chain peoples as they had once been chained. In vain was Metternich's Holy Alliance, his armed resistance to liberal ideas; his savage laws, his inhuman dragoonings:—the immortal could not be made to die.

HARD TO SATISFY.

Populist Record in Congress.

By Thos. H. Tibbles.

When the extra session of congress convened in 1893, eleven populist congressmen reported for duty in the House. When they assembled in their first caucus to talk over matters, the thing talked over was why the twelfth one elected was not there. He had been a member of the preceding congress and had made a national reputation. When the members looked over the record he had made, they found that he had secured the passage of two bills of such far reaching benefit to the common people, that they could not believe that the people of his district had refused to return him. One was the establishment of rural free delivery and the other to compel the railroads to put a stop to the continuous slaughter of trainmen and switchmen by the adoption of the automatic coupler.

The question was asked how was it possible that such a man, ranking as he did as one of the foremost orators of the country, and with a record of such useful work, could be beaten. The first thing the populist congressmen did was to resolve to look into the matter. Among these eleven populist congressmen were four men of equal ability to any in the old parties. First, there was Jerry Simpson. He has never had a superior as a wit and raconteur in that historic body. He was the "dude" among the populists, although the plutocratic papers always described him as the "sockless statesman." Next was John Davis, the bibliophile, the walking encyclopedia for every member of the house who was too lazy to make use of the books in the congressional library. Such men always came to John Davis to get information, especially upon economic subjects. One day Tom Reed met Davis in the corridor of the House and asked him for some information. Davis replied: "You will find the whole subject treated in a book on the second shelf after you turn to the right as you enter the library, the fifth book from the end. The particular information you want you will find on pages 87 and 88."

"Come now," Reed replied, "go with me and show me. Every one knows that you only have to smell of a book to know its whole contents and the very page on which any particular fact is recorded. You will find this matter in half a minute and it will take me half an hour to find it," and John Davis went off with the ex-speaker to assist him in getting the information.

Tom Reed was a terror to the other members of the house on account of his biting sarcasm and no one ever dared tackle him, but he had no terrors for Jerry Simpson. It was very seldom that Jerry could get a chance to reply to anything that Reed might say on account of the rules of the house. Reed would never yield to him. Jerry endured the situation for some time but after that took every occasion to "go for Reed" regardless of the rules. If a member interjects a remark when another speaker is speaking without first addressing the speaker and getting permission, what he says does not go into the congressional report of the debates, and that fact reduced the sprightliness of that memorable daily publication very much during the time that the "sockless statesman" was a member.

One day Tom Reed was making a speech, and as was the fashion among the Republican leaders at that time, he disclaimed any knowledge of the money question, and wound up his statement with the words: "I never knew any one who did understand the money question except a populist or a green-backer." As quick as a flash the penetrating voice of Jerry Simpson was heard saying: "That's the time the gentleman told three truths in one sentence." The whole house was astonished at the audacity of the "sockless statesman" in thus attacking the lion of the House. For a moment there was silence. Tom Reed turned and looked at Jerry with a scowl on his face, and the House waited expecting one of those scenes that members so much enjoyed when Reed went after an antagonist. To the astonishment of every one he made no reply and sat down. Then the House burst into a roar of applause, and those members who had suffered from Reed's tongue lashings came over and shook Jerry's hand.

Another member was Lafe Pence. He made friends with everybody and was a speaker that instantly attracted the attention of the whole House whenever he got the floor. The populists had no funds, and any extra expenses had to be met with contributions from the Populist members of the House and Senate. Only one ever refused to do his part. That one was Peffer. No one could ever get a contribution out of him, but with Lafe Pence it was different. When any money was needed, Lafe was the first one to shove his hand in his pocket and say: "Come boys, let us chip in."

Another one was McKeigan. He was always in very poor health but was acknowledged by all to be a man of ability. The other members of the party averaged well. As a body they represented a higher ability than the rank and file of the House members of either of the old parties. They all felt deeply the non-appearance of Tom Watson. He had had experience. He had a record that any man might be proud of and naturally would have been the leader of this small body of Populists. It was resolved to do everything possible to get him back into the House. They all felt that he had been "counted out," and they believed that something should be done to make a contest that would seat him.

The first news that was received was to the effect that Watson would not push his contest for the seat, as he felt assured that both old parties would unite in keeping him out of Congress. The next that was heard was that he would make a contest if he was allowed the usual courtesy of personally presenting his case before the House. Upon that supposition Jerry Simpson and Lafe Pence went to work to get the consent of the speaker and the committee on contested election to permit Watson to speak and consent was obtained. What was done in Georgia, of course we, who were in Washington, did not know, but it was understood that evidence was being taken. Then Tom Reed took a hand. He went among the members of the House and told them that it would never do to let Watson have an hour on the floor of the House to argue his case, for no man could tell what might happen. The men in the Democratic party to the number of about fifty who had been elected by the Farmers' Alliance and all of whom, with the exception of Tom Watson, had violated their pledges and gone into the Democratic caucus, became aroused and began to work, and it soon became known that Watson would be denied the privilege always granted to every other contestant, to make a speech in his own behalf.

Some time afterwards two young lawyers, West and Gross, came to Washington to appear before the committee on contested elections in be-

half of Tom Watson. I was asked by Jerry Simpson to show them such courtesies as I could, as they had never been in Washington before and the members of the party in the House could not give the time. The young lawyers were taken to some of the departments, the monument, to the new library then in course of construction and other places of interest. They were clean, bright young men, and had prepared their case with a great deal of care. While they seemed somewhat timid, being in entirely new surroundings, they were both perfect gentlemen. Finally the day came and the committee met. I accompanied them. Six Democrats and five Republicans were on the committee, with Patterson of Tennessee, who afterwards proved traitor to every Democratic principle and went over to the "gold bugs," as chairman.

Somewhat timidly one of the young lawyers opened the case and then began to read the affidavits. I sat at one side of the long table and the lawyers were at the end, and to my left. On my right was a Republican member of the committee. The lawyer who was reading the affidavits had not proceeded far, until this Republican member began to make whispered remarks to me, such as: "I never heard of such a disgraceful affair. It is the most outrageous election fraud that ever occurred," and similar remarks. For my part I did not wonder at his astonishment. While being familiar with election stealing for many years, these affidavits disclosed a proceeding so disgraceful that it seemed that it must have been some South American revolution that was being described and not an election in the United States of America.

The affidavits were from ministers of the Gospel. The young lawyers had taken the precaution to read first affidavits establishing the character of the witnesses and their standing in their profession. It is a long time since I listened to the reading of those affidavits but the impression they made upon me can never be obliterated. They are on file in Washington and can be examined by any one. One minister swore that he watched a gang of nearly a hundred negroes under the leadership of a white man, who went from one poling place to another and the negroes were voted over and over again a great many times. The affidavit of the other minister was of similar import.

Then the young lawyers gave the statistics of the congressional district and showed that more votes had been cast than there were people in it. Finally they closed the case with a few well chosen words concerning the character and unimpeachability of the witnesses they had introduced.

Then the defense was heard. Every one was wondering what the character of the defense would be. The first statement made for Major Black was astonishing. His counsel said that he had no witnesses to introduce and no affidavits to offer. He made a speech of half an hour's duration, but never mentioned the subject matter once.

The committee then went into executive session. As the young lawyers and I passed out of the door I said: "I think that you will have one member of the committee with you and that means a minority report." Then I told them of the remarks that were made to me by the Republican member while the affidavits were being read. We went over to the gallery of the House and a few minutes afterward the committee appeared with a *unanimous* report. Watson was refused a seat in Congress, although he had been elected by an overwhelming majority of the voters of his district.

This was a sad blow to the little band of Populists in the House, but they went about their duties with the honest intention of doing the best they

could, and they did some magnificent work. It was this little band of Populists that forced the income tax into the tariff bill.

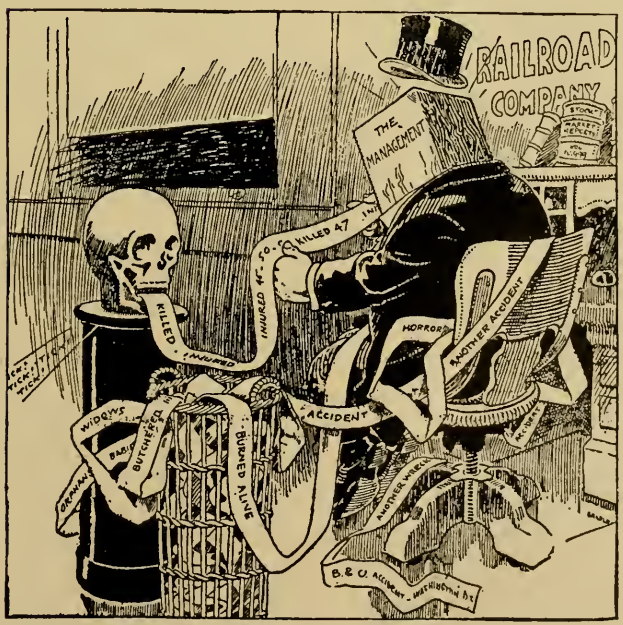
The Democratic majority had been elected on the tariff question, but when the Ways and Means Committee undertook to introduce a tariff bill in the House a quorum could not be secured. There were always enough Democratic traitors to their own party to prevent a quorum and the party was in a bad fix, having made a campaign on the tariff issue, secured a big majority and then was not able to get a quorum to introduce such a bill. If the Populists had voted there could have been a quorum secured at any time, but under the leadership of Jerry Simpson they refused to assist in making a quorum until the Democratic majority would include in the tariff bill an income tax. The fight went on for several days without any business being done in the House for want of a quorum. Finally the Democratic leaders under pressure from Bryan, who was a member of the Ways and Means Committee, surrendered to the little band of Populists and agreed to report such an amendment. Lafe Pence was appointed to make the arrangements and it was agreed that he should ask nothing unreasonable. The agreement was made that the Ways and Means Committee should report some sort of an income tax, the Populists to have nothing to do about its provisions. The Populists were to have the right to offer an amendment which should include their ideas of what an income tax law should be. The arrangements were carried out and it was the little band of Populists that secured the passage of that law. The next morning after the arrangement was made, all the Populists answered to their names and the House had a quorum.

The people of the United States will some time be proud of the record that the Populists made in that Congress, and place their severest condemnation upon the action of that committee on contested elections that refused Tom Watson a seat in Congress after he had been elected by an overwhelming majority.

I have never met the two young lawyers who represented the case of Watson to the committee since that day, but I always remember them as clean, intelligent young men who deserved well of all their countrymen who desire that justice be done.

The people generally know little about the magnificent work done by the little band of Populists in the House and Senate during that Congress, but when the historian digs out the facts from the public records, he will state that they secured the passage of the three most important bills enacted during the last quarter of the Nineteenth century, namely, the income tax, safety appliances on the railroads and free rural delivery. The latter was the single handed work of Tom Watson while he was the only Populist member of Congress.

THESE RAILROAD MERGERS ARE GETTING TO BE MONOTONOUS.—*Rogers in N. Y. Herald.*



THE MODERN BLOCK (HEAD) SYSTEM.—*Bradley, in Chicago News.*

Letters From the People.

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 7, 1907.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Editor Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine, Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—Enclosed I hand you check for $1.50 which you will place to my credit on account of Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine. I am very much pleased to know that you are going to continue the publication of a Magazine. While you edited *Watson's Magazine,* I thought it about the most interesting publication that I received. There are so many things that I agree with you about and your style of expressing your thoughts is so direct and straightforward that I read your writings with more pleasure than any public man of the day. I sincerely hope that this venture may prove a success. If I can be of any assistance to you in any way please command me. With best wishes, I am, cordially and sincerely, Your friend,

Jas. K. Vardaman.

Brunswick, Ga., Jan. 7, 1907.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:—The power for good that your *Watson's Magazine,* while you were editor has exerted and Watson's Jeffersonian is now doing, can not be weighed or measured. I read all your writings in public print; and as I read, I take heart and resolve to accomplish something. Your writings lift one up on higher and loftier plains of endeavor, where one resolves "not to look on while others toil, not to swing back while they march, not to run while they fight the battles of life."

Nobody wants the *Watson's Magazine* now, because it is minus a Watson, is a magazine without a soul. Everybody calls now for a Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine, because it has a Watson.

I purchase the Jeffersonian from the news dealers, so as to induce them to handle the Magazine.

Very truly,

A. M. Zellner.

De Queen, Ark., Jan. 22, 1907.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir.—The Magazine was duly received. Of course I am pleased with it. It has the "true ring," quite a different ring from that counterfeit issued by the Town Topics outfit. Those people certainly do not know how much we old Populists think of Tom Watson. Will take pleasure in trying to increase the circulation of the Jeffersonian. Will remit subscription at an early day. With kindest regards I am,

Very truly, your friend,

John G. McKean.

Lawrenceville, Ga., Jan 14, 1907.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Your new Magazine is great—far superior to the New York edition at any stage of its existence. *The Weekly Jeffersonian* is very much improved in its new dress and semi-magazine makeup. I herewith hand you $2.00 as subscription to both publications. Let the Magazine start with the second number and the Weekly at once. I trust both publications may meet with abundant success, for they deserve it.

Yours truly,

M. D. Irwin.

Fulton, Miss., Jan 10, 1907.
R. F. D. No. 2.

Mr T. E. Watson.

Kind Sir:—Enclosed you will find

$1.50, for which please send me your Magazine. My better half took the New York Magazine, but we didn't like it after T. E. Watson left it, so I want your new Magazine. I especially want the number that has the picture of the log cabin in it. I wrote that New York Magazine to discontinue my paper, but I don't know whether they will stop it or not.

I am, as ever,
MRS. ANNIE MORGAN.

Swainsboro, Ga.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON.

My Dear Sir:—Enclosed I herewith hand you $3.00 for two years' subscription to your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. Success to you in your grand and noble efforts to educate the people in the science of good government and to get them to understand the many evils and wrongs that oppress them and afflict their business. Surely no man can be engaged in a more worthy cause. You will some day reap your reward. The clouds of prejudice and hatred that have gathered from the political relations and divisions of our people in the past are rapidly disappearing like the morning mist before the summer's midday sun. Many who once ridiculed and maligned you are now ready to follow your lead and proclaim your sincerity, honesty, worth and superior intellect. Your course and principles are the only ones that will ever succeed. If the reformers could only get together in 1908 with leaders that the people have confidence in, I believe they would succeed. Let the subscriptions commence with the first issue if possible. I have all your other Magazines and want to compile them.

May God's blessings rest upon you and may you live long to educate and lead the people out of the wilderness of oppression and robbery that they are now wandering in.

Sincerely your friend.
W. R. KEMP.

Brazil, Ind., Jan 17, 1907.

Bro. Watson:—I am happy to learn you have launched a JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. Please send me the first copy, and put *The Orthonomic* on your exchange list. I am going to commence again on Jefferson's birthday. I will never vote again for another man unless he believes in Jeffersonian Democracy. I am the oldest reform editor in the United States. I commenced my fight on the April 3, 1873. I voted and supported Peter Cooper, Weaver, and yourself. What will Hearst do? If we can get him to organize his Independence League, he can be elected. He is the only man living who can put Jefferson Democracy in the saddle. Tell me, if you know, what he is going to do? If you will send me some extra copies I can get you some new subscribers. Hearst has the papers and the money, it will take that to down the gang.

Truly,
W. W. B. RILEY.

Sylvester, Ga., Jan. 16, 1907.

HON. T. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—I received the first copy of your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE all O. K., and can say of a truth that it is a daisy. I intend to do all I can to get it in the hands of the people in this part of Georgia. Now Pops., go to work and get the Clark Howell Democrats and any others to take Hon. T. E. Watson's JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE and his *Weekly Jeffersonion,* so we can help him scatter the truth all over this nation and when the election in 1908 comes off they will vote for principle instead of for the party. I am working for Hon. T. E. Watson's publications because I hope I love the truth. Tom Watson says he wants no office and we believe what he says, but that is the reason why we should some time put him in the White House at Washington, D. C. I have sent the subscriptions of some Clark Howell Democrats for the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE and intend,

if I live, to keep sending them as fast as I can. Roll up your sleeves, boys, and go to work. Tom Watson says "Courage comrades, courage, and forward march." He says "betrayed, he will trust again and go on." Now boys let's take courage and work for the benefit of humanity by working with such a leader as the Hon. T. E. Watson. I hope to be able to send you some more subscribers soon. Yours for Jeffersonian Democracy, the kind you are contending for.

Very truly yours,
J. H. PARRISH.

Shelbyville, Ill., Jan. 14, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Enclosed find draft for $3.00 for which please send your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE to the following names and addresses for one year. Please send No. 1 if you can: Jerry Hinterly, Shelbyville, Ill.; Philip Roessler, Shelbyville, Ill. We were subscribers to your New York Magazine, but since you left New York we want to move out too. I don't think Mr. DeFrance ever was a true Populist.

Success to your indomitable energy is my prayer, and may the Lord give you strength to perpetuate your work.

Fraternally,
PHILIP ROESSLER.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 21, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—I have intended since seeing the first issue of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE to write you my congratulations. It is even initially by such odds the best Magazine of its class we really have nothing else with which to make comparison; and it stands therefore alone. I feel confident this publication will be widely read and must prove a power for good in your hands to the public.

I am in no sense a politician, simply a casual reader of current events, but I want to say to you, you voice my sentiments with reference to public policies, standing as you do for the good of the people and as the voice of one crying in the wilderness particularly to politicians, boodlers, corruptionists and sinners generally, to repent for the kingdom of a more righteous decade seems close at hand.

I have read with much interest your books—The Story of France, Life of Jefferson, Napoleon, Jackson, and Bethany with particular interest. I served two years in the Confederate army to the close of the war. Your description of the soldier both in camp and battle is graphic and superb. Your knowledge and portrayal of Gen. Toombs are inimitable. I knew the General after coming to Atlanta in 1875. I shall appreciate it if you will tell me whose history of the "War Between the States" you regard as the most reliable, impartial and unbiased.

Find enclosed $1.50 for the Magazine to be mailed to my address, College Park, Ga.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM CRENSHAW.

Ogden, Utah, Jan. 16, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—I received your new JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE and read it all and was delighted with it. I have asked several of our news-stand people to send for it and keep it on sale; but none of them has yet seen a copy. All these news-stand companies get their magazines from the Colorado or Denver News Company. I do not know the exact name. Now, if the news dealers are not going to keep your Magazine on sale I want to subscribe for it; but if they are going to get it then I do not care to subscribe, for the simple reason that I can always get the Magazine from them about 10 days earlier than I can get it by mail from the publishing houses.

I sent $1.00 to you and son at

Augusta, Ga. for your Jeffersonian newspaper and I received a lot of the back numbers, but have received none since. What is the matter?

I read your Life of Napoleon with very great interest and would like to read your Story of France. At what cash figures can you furnish it to me here? I have sent for your Bethany to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and expect to get it in a day or so, if they can get it in Chicago. If I fail to get it, at what price can I get it from you? Can you tell me if your Story of France has ever been published in the French language? If so I would prefer a copy of it in that language and will send for it if you can tell me where I can get it. I presume William R. Jenkins, New York, could get it for me, as I frequently get French books from his house. I sincerely wish you the greatest success with your great Magazine; but let me, please, suggest, let that "Mann crowd in New York" go and never allude to them.

Sincerely yours,
THO. MALONEY.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 29, 1907.
Editor JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

I have just received your Magazine and consider it a great improvement on *Watson's*—minus Watson. I live a very quiet and retired life, due to precarious health, and all that I am able to gather of the events of the world is from the magazines, and I can assure you that none give me greater pleasure and satisfaction than the JEFFERSONIAN.

I wish all like myself confined to their four walls, or room, could have the pleasure that your Magazine affords me. It would make their lives brighter and their cells less narrow. Wishing you great success, I am,

Yours,
DORSEY FOULTZ.
420 Louisiana Ave.

Savannah, Ga., Jan 2, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have received your copy of the JEFFERSONIAN and enjoyed reading it very much. I like especially your department, the Review of the World. I am also very much interested in the Jackson serial, which I read already in Watson's other magazine.

With best wishes for your New Year, I remain,

Your friend,
PLEASANT A. STOVALL.

Salem, Va., Dec. 28, 1906.
HON. T. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—Since writing you yesterday I have received my copy of your Magazine, and to say it is first class but mildly expresses it. I will try and get others to take it.

Hastily,
W. H. TINSLEY.

McCurtain, I. T., Nov. 20, 1906.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—In your review of Mr. Scarboro's book "The Bible, the Baptist and the Board System" in your Magazine of October, you referred to Rev. J. S. Murrow and an Indian Chief addressing a Baptist Association at Lawtonville, Ga. in the year of 1874.

It may be of interest to you to know that the name of this Indian Chief was Peter Fulsom. He belonged to one of the most aristocratic families of full blood Choctaws. He died about sixteen years ago. His descendants are still living in this community. His son Jerry Fulsom is a merchant in our town.

I had the pleasure of meeting Bro. Murrow at South McAlester, I. T., a few weeks ago while attending the Reunion of the Scottish Rite Bodies, and he was hale and hearty at 74, and as sprightly as a youth. He is greatly loved by the people of Indian Territory. I called his attention to your

article and asked him if he had seen it. He had not. So, according to promise I secured a copy of your Magazine containing the review and mailed it to him. I feel sure he will appreciate the article. He feels hurt but has little to say about the matter.

Yours very truly,
ALBERT M. CHAMBERS.

HON. T. E. WATSON.

Dear Sir:—In the State of Nebraska we have recently organized a Government Ownership of Railroads League. I was elected President of the State organization. We desire to get the people to understand the question of national ownership of our railed highways. We feel perfectly confident that when it is understood it will be opposed by no person except those who are especially interested in the present system and by the ignorant.

In the Southern States the railroad attorneys and politicians, who have been able to secure office by railroad favoritism, are seeking to mislead the people by claiming that the national ownership of the railways would abolish the "Jim Crow" cars. I think I know the sentiment of the public ownership people in the Northwest and I say to you that we have no such thought in mind. Congress can place such restrictions in the matter of requiring separate cars as may be reasonable, and the South, with its large representation in Congress will have no trouble in agreeing with friends in the Northwest to have separate coaches for the white and colored races. I know of no man in the Northwest who wants to compel the white people of the South to live on terms of social equality with the colored race. The men who seek to make you believe this are false teachers and hope to impose on the credulity of the people.

The railroads are annually collecting hundreds of millions of dollars on watered stocks and watered bonds. By this I mean stocks and bonds issued in excess of the honest worth of the properties. The public ownership people propose to dig up this corrupt system by the very roots. They know likewise that under private ownership of railroads one community is built up at the expense of another. We know that one man's business is built up and another man's business is torn down by railroad favoritism. We want to stop all this. The railroads are mere public highways the same as the wagon roads, the canals, the lakes and the rivers. They all ought to be owned by the people themselves. There should be no favoritism given to one man or one community over another. Nearly all the great fortunes in the United States have been built up by reason of the private ownership of railroads. Mr. Rockefeller's great fortune was built up by millions and millions made in watered stocks and watered bonds and millions made in industry by favors given to him and denied to others.

The public ownership people make no assault upon any legitimate business. They know that public ownership will offer a greater individual incentive than the present conditions afford. In the Northwest the grain business is in the hands of a few cliques. None of these men live in the communities where the grain is produced. The grain business is the most profitable we have. Yet the great profits made from it are all sent out of the communities where the grain is grown and distributed at distant points among a favored few. We want to drive all these dishonest corporations out of business and let the citizens in each community own and control the grain business. What is true of grain is likewise true of commodities produced in the South. The only way to solve the question is by public ownership. The talk of

regulation is nonsense. In Mr. Cleveland's first term we were given the original Inter-state Commerce law. Great things were claimed for it. It fooled the people for a good many years. But it did no permanent good. The bill passed under Mr. Roosevelt's administration is the Cleveland law patched over. It is practically no better than the Cleveland law and experience with it will prove this to be true. There is no such thing as regulation and every student of the railroad question that I have met has agreed on that proposition. That is not only the judgment of the public ownership people but if you can have a heart to heart talk with any railroad traffic manager he will tell you the same thing.

The South and the West are the wealthy agricultural portions of the nation. It is from these wealthy sections that many enormous fortunes have been made by the owners of watered stocks and watered bonds. They compel the people to pay freight and passenger rates high enough to pay dividends on these dishonest securities. We, in the Northwest, are going to make a terrific effort to end these wicked practices. We don't want Socialism. We don't want the public to take up private business and for equally good reasons we don't want private men transacting the public business in their own way. We are about the last powerful civilized country, except England, to permit private men to exercise a despotic power in the matter of transportation. Even Mexico has already seen that it was necessary to take over her railways or they would be taken control of by the American railroad trust and that as soon as the railways were taken over the men who control the railroads would control the industries of Mexico. The Canadian Minister of Finance has just declared that Canada must have a railroad extending from ocean to ocean. He points out that such a railway will do more to reduce freight rates than all the laws the Canadian Parliament could pass.

I sincerely hope we may have your cooperation in this great movement. I recognize that the railroads will make a desperate effort to control Democratic conventions and Democratic politicians in the South. These railroads have no politics. J. P. Morgan is a Republican in the Northwest and a Democrat in the South. At the very time when he was using his influence to try to defeat the nomination of Hoke Smith for Governor of Georgia, his political lieutenants in Nebraska were trying to control the Republican nomination for Governor in this State. It was the railroads and the owners of watered stocks who furnished the money that beat Mr. Bryan for the Presidency in 1896. You people living in the South, where you have no hard political contests, have but little idea of what he had to meet in that campaign. In the most thickly populated county in this State, it was proved in the Legislature that winter, that $30,000 of corruption funds had been expended. I am satisfied that twice that amount was spent there. But to the extent of $30,000 of corruption money, the evidence was so clear that every Republican member of the Committee of Investigation certified the fact to be true. In the same campaign any man in the North who would take a trip to Canton, Ohio, the home of McKinley, was furnished a free ride, a free berth, free meals and a free drunk. I knew it from the very inside that a month before election the Republican national leaders were convinced that Bryan had McKinley beat in Ohio. Then the money was poured in and the railroads and other vicious interests connected with them furnished it. By the corrupt use of money they

carried the States of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, California and Oregon. By carrying these States they beat Bryan and the Presidency was purchased just as much as though it had been put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. Except for the private ownership of railroads and railroad passes that go with it, and expenditure of money extorted from the people by the owners of watered stocks and watered bonds, this could not have occurred.

I should be much pleased to hear from you and would like to receive the names and addresses of any persons in your State who may be in favor of the ownership and operation of our railed highways by the people.

Yours respectfully,

M. F. HARRINGTON.

O'Neill, Neb.

A Survey of the World.

President Roosevelt has made a treaty with the Mikado's government in which Japanese coolies are barred from emigration into the United States. But the Japanese government insists on an equality of treatment and the document forbids American common laborers from emigrating to Japan. It also stipulates that Japanese residents in this country be treated as fairly as American residents in Japan. The fairness of such a settlement of the question will commend it to every honest man. But what will California say? It is now up to them. Are they willing to treat the Japanese now on the Pacific coast with the same fairness, and allow them the same privileges that Americans enjoy in Japan?

* * *

The charge of Rabbi Wise made in his speech before the Civic Federation, that the churches, Jewish and Gentile alike, were largely under the influence and direction of the rich, has had a demonstration in Des Moines, Iowa. Rev. H. C. Rosenberger was the popular pastor of the fashionable Greenwood Congregational church. He has been forced to resign his pastorate on account of his sermons on capital and labor and because of his favorable attitude toward the poorer members of the church. When he began paying more attention to the wishes of the poorer members and refused to toady to the rich, the trustees objected and asked him to be more careful. He replied that he would not change his course, tendered his resignation and the board accepted it by a vote of twenty-six to twenty-four. More ministers are taking that honorable position every day. They have learned that the holding up of the "great captains of industry," as models for young men, which so many of them did five or six years ago, has not tended toward the development of high morals.

* * *

Prior to 1855 Congressmen were paid by the day—$6 prior to 1817 and $8 thereafter—which would amount to some $1,500 a year, or less—according to the time devoted to attendance upon Congress. In 1855 a salary provision of $3,000 a year was adopted, which amounted to an increase of 100 per cent or more. The next advance took place in 1865 when the salary was advanced to $5,000. In 1873 Congress raised the compensation to $7,500 and included back pay at that rate for the sitting members. The public indignation was so great that a great many members were defeated at the polls and the next Congress repealed the law. A study of these dates will show that Congressmen are quick to discern the increase or decrease of the purchasing power of money when it affects them. Every raise of salary that has ever been made, except in the back pay grab, was made after a decrease in the purchasing power of money. However Congressmen have never taken any action when by the contraction of volume of money the purchasing power of their salaries has been doubled. The defence made by the Congressmen for raising their salaries at this time to $7,500 was that the cost of living had increased, or in other words, that the "intrinsic value" of gold was all a delusion, and its purchasing power had decreased 50 per cent. They might

as well have said: The Populists were right and their financial theories are sound.

* * *

There is a certain Major Glen in command of the United States troops at Columbus, Ohio, who needs a court martial and after punishment is duly administered, he should be sent to some school to study the Constitution of the United States for a while. He ordered a sergeant to march some troops to a Catholic church and attend service. The sergeant marched the troops to the door but refused to go in himself. Then the sergeant was court martialed for disobeying orders. The War Department decided that the Major had no authority to order soldiers to attend any particular church service, but the sergeant should have obeyed the order and made complaint afterwards. A short time after that, the Major issued the following order: "The Catholic non-commissioned officers will march the men to and from church and see that order is preserved during the services." That order came very near creating a mutiny in the barracks. It seems to be demonstrated that there are some field officers of the United States army who haven't even common sense.

* * *

Gen. William Crozier, chief of ordnance of the United States Army says that our big 12-inch guns, which carry a projectile weighing 1,000 pounds with a velocity of 2,600 feet per second, can be fired only sixty or sixty-five times. As these guns are capable of being fired at the rate of forty-five rounds an hour, the limit of life could be reached in less than an hour and a half. Much the same can be said of guns of smaller calibre. One can easily see what the cost of a naval war would be under modern conditions. One of these big guns cost over $100,000 and the cost of a single charge is nearly $1,000. If the imperialists have their way and the United States is thrust into war with some foreign nation, the raisers of cotton, corn and cattle can figure on toiling for a generation or two to pay the costs. If the Philippines were eliminated, no nation on earth would, or could attack us, separated as we are from them by great oceans. Imperialism may be the death of this nation.

* * *

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that less than 50,000 miles of railroad is equipped with a block system and on much of that, the rules are constantly violated. The Commission recommends the automatic signal system, together with automatic couplers, brakes and other devices. But the Senate—that terrible Senate—wants more information before it takes any action. The members of the millionaire club apparently never read the newspapers and they do not know of the horrible slaughter continuously occurring on the railroads, of passengers and trainmen. It is impossible to think if the Senators knew of the mangling and death that is constantly going on that they would be so indifferent. It is all because they don't read the newspapers. Every day there is accident after accident reported, where men are burned alive, mangled beyond recognition, or crippled for life, because the roads do not adopt safety appliances. Constituents should make a practice of sending the Senators clippings from the daily papers so that they may know what is actually happening.

* * *

Our forms were closed for the February issue of the Magazine before the centenary celebration in honor of the one hundredth birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee had been held. In another part of this number, will be a symposium containing some of the

more notable tributes to the memory of the great Southern hero.

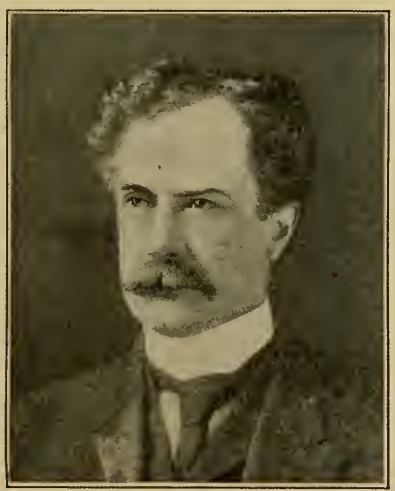
Nothing said in honor of Lee was more gratifying to the Southern people than the heart-felt utterances of such Northern leaders as President Roosevelt, Gen. Fred Grant and Hon. Chas. Francis Adams.

The New York *World* published a striking editorial containing the declaration that had the presidential chair been filled, during Buchanan's term, by a man of wisdom, firmness and moderation, the Civil War would never have occurred. Our opinion is that it was decidedly the most insane conflict in history.

* * *

In this connection, it is worth the while to mention that on motion of Senator Carmack of Tennessee, the United States Government hereafter will refer to the late war as "the Civil War."

There has never been any sense in alluding to it as the War of the Rebellion. This term was invented in the time of raging passions, and was used to gratify sectional hatred. It never expressed the historic truth. The States acted separately and in their sovereign capacity voted themselves *into the Union.* The act was voluntary and conditional. No one of the separate independent States which formed the old confederation went into the Union under the new constitution of 1789 until *after all the conditions had been seriously and thoroughly debated.* Nothing is more certain than that all the contracting parties to that great national compact of 1789 understood that they were making a compact, each one with the others, *upon certain terms and conditions which were nominated in the bond.* Texas, for instance, had fought her battle for independence against Mexico, and had won it:—she was *an independent republic.* There was no reason why she might not have so remained, just as old Mexico does today; but the independent republic of Texas was willing to merge her existence into ours *upon the terms and conditions offered.*



EDWARD W. CARMACK, Tennessee.

Now, when the Southern States, in 1860, honestly believed that the terms of the bargain had been violated, and that the North and East were not keeping faith with the South, each sovereign State which left the Union and formed the Southern Confederacy *acted in its separate, independent, sovereign capacity.* They *voted themselves out* just as they had *voted themselves in*—BY STATE ACTION.

Senator Money of Mississippi was quite correct when he endeavored to substitute the term the "War between the States" for the term "Civil War." In answer to Senator Money it was contended by Senator McCumber and others that it was a Civil War because the population of such States as Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee divided, some fighting on one side, some on the other. This view is purely superficial. The fact that some of the citizens of Georgia, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Missouri, Virginia, Kentucky, fought on the Union side has no more to do with fixing the character of the war than the conduct of those citizens of Georgia, the Caro-

linas and Virginia who were Tories during the War of Independence, commonly called the Revolutionary War. A Civil War is one in which the various communities throughout a nation divide as in the War of the Roses in England. In the sixties we had a clash between those Southern States which voted themselves out of the Union and those Northern and Eastern States which remained in the Union; therefore it was, as the late Alexander H. Stephens termed it, a War between the States.

Nevertheless the entire South as well as the fair-minded people of the other sections will thank Senator Carmack for his courageous and patriotic course in wiping off the official records a term of insult which was insulting to the living and unjust to the dead.

* * *

Mr. Richard Olney who served as Attorney General to Mr. Cleveland, and who upon all occasions succeeded in finding legal authority for doing every unlawful thing the Cleveland administration wanted to do, has just now made the discovery that the people of California are protected in their right to establish a school system in a manner consistent with their own wishes *by an older treaty between* the United States and Japan than that which was recently concluded between the high parties, and which, it is claimed, is being violated by the State laws of California.

It occurs to us that so profound a lawyer as Mr. Richard Olney might have taken a still stronger position had he simply stated that the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law thereof, and that the Senate, President and all other official potentates whatsoever are not justified in changing that document by the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t: but that each State is supreme within its own sphere of action; that the exercise of police powers within the State is something that has never been ceded by the State to the Federal Government.

The treaty making power could just as well be used to deprive every State in the Union of the republican form of government which is guaranteed by the Constitution, as it can be used to say how shall a State organize its schools.

To deprive any State of "republican form of government," would of course require an amendment to the Constitution itself.

This should be plain even to the children. Reasoning along the same lines, it should be equally plain, even to the children, that the treaty-making power cannot interfere with any other State right which the State has been holding under the Constitution, and prior to the Constitution, and which was never ceded to the Federal Government in express terms.

Consequently it is absolutely certain that the California school question will be settled in accordance with the law of California. No other State in the Union has a right to interfere or dictate. Neither has the Federal Government the right to interfere or dictate. The position which our Government should take is that the Japanese, when they made the treaty with us were, conclusively, presumed to have been acquainted with our system of government, and to have known that the Federal Government was one of limited powers. If the Japanese Government sought to obtain certain advantages, which they must have known were beyond the jurisdiction of the treaty-making power in this country, they have none but themselves to blame for their disappointment.

As to the war scare growing out of the California incident, it never assumed an aspect more serious than that of a threatened Steel Trust raid upon the Federal Treasury. The Steel Trust, of course, saw an opportunity to cry "War," and to clamor for more steel-clad battleships.

In the course of human events it frequently happens that some son of Adam does the right thing, but does it at the wrong time and in the wrong way.

This befell Gov. Swettenham of Jamaica. He was there in that little negro semi-republic representing His Majesty, King Edward VII, of Great Britain, and he supposed it to be one of his duties to protect the sacred soil consigned to his care from the violative foot of the foreign invader. He awoke one morning, and found that an armed squad of American marines had landed upon the land, and had taken possession. They were there in a militant capacity, maintaining law and order. They were also there in the great American capacity of hysterical alms-giving. Admiral Davis of the United States Navy, had rushed in upon little Jamaica to feed the supposedly hungry, and to maintain a presumably endangered regime of peace, good order and dignity.

Now when Governor Swettenham looked out over his little territory and

GOVERNOR SWETTENHAM.

saw the stars and stripes fluttering in the breezes, and caught the glimpse of American war-like accoutrements, his astonishment was great—as well it might be. His ire was kindled within him, as ours would have been under the same circumstances. Feeling himself duty bound to protect King Edward's domain from the armed intrusion of the soldiers and marines of other countries, Governor Swettenham wrote Admiral Davis a note more or less curt, requesting him in terms more or less peremptory to go away.

Of course Admiral Davis got off the Island, but his feelings were seriously hurt. He felt that our well-known foreign policy, whose sacred watchword is "benevolent assimulation"—had received a rude check, and a most unsympathetic snub. France had not snubbed the American Navy when we rushed down there to feed those negroes a few years ago; France did not even laugh at us when it became apparent later on that the people of Martinique tried to sell provisions to our marines, the moment our relief ship came to the wharf. France, with exquisite politeness, allowed us to ease off from a ridiculous situation, and to this day have never, so far as we have been informed, cracked a smile at our expense.

The American Press, reflecting the sentiment of our Navy assailed Swettenham with great vigor and pertinacity. The English Government realized that it would be better to sacrifice Gov. Swettenham and thus satisfy the American press, than to continue to uphold an unimportant Governor in a position, which was absolutely correct; therefore Governor Swettenham has been compelled to apologize to Admiral Davis for having done as a faithful servant should; while Admiral Davis and the United States Navy has thus been freed from a position that was otherwise ludicrously untenable.

Let us hope that hereafter the Admirals of the American Navy will be less inclined to intrude themselves upon foreign situations and to dispense hysterical charities where the duty of feeding the destitute rests upon such great nations as France and

Great Britain. They are capable of taking care of their own colonies, and should be left to do it. If the American Navy feels itself compelled to periodically feed the destitute, they can find a number of hungry people here at home to consume every surplus ration in the Navy.

* * *

The Socialists met a Waterloo in the German elections. According to Her Bebel, they have been set back fifteen years It is probable that they have been set back for a longer term than that. They not only lost about forty seats in the German Reichstag, but they have lost control of various cities which they have been holding in the hollow of their hands.

In England also they have been set back decidedly and, we trust, permanently. At a great labor meeting held for the purpose of voting upon a question as to whether labor should declare for or against Socialism, the vote for Socialism was only 90,000 out of a total of 830,000. The truth is, the sober sense of the intelligent classes throughout the world will never be brought to endorse Socialism. Governmental abuses, such as we see throughout Europe and in our own country, are the underlying causes of Socialistic progress. When those governmental abuses have been corrected, as they are going to be, Socialism will fade away. When Special Privilege, in all its forms, is hunted out, *and equality of opportunity and of rights,* established, the present forms of Society will satisfy every reasonable demand.

* * *

The Phillipine trouble is with us always. A resolution was introduced by Senator Clay of Georgia, requiring an investigation into the expenditure of money by our Government in those Islands since 1902. Senator Lodge, speaking for the administration, opposed the inquiry upon the ground that it would be detrimental to the public service, etc.; in other words we have squandered so much in the way of human life and hard cash in those Eastern pest holes that the administration is afraid for the people to know the truth. The loss of life in the Phillipines has been frightful. The attrocities which have been practiced there have been appalling. Barbarities have been inflicted upon the natives, who were simply struggling as our own forefathers did to free themselves from a foreign yoke. which makes the blood flame with indignation. It is no wonder that Senator Lodge wishes to keep that distant tragedy screened from the public gaze. If the American people were fully informed of what has been done in those islands and what is now being constantly done in the maintenance of American despotism over those distant people, there would be an output of public indignation which would compel the withdrawal of our troops and the giving those Islanders the right to govern themselves according to their own will.

In our National history, many mistakes have been made, but none of them compare with this Phillipine business. If the Japanese would accept the Phillipines as a present, we would be heartily in favor of giving them, *as a bonus,* a sum equal to that which we paid to Spain and to the Friars,—to wit, twenty-seven million dollars, and would think it then the best bargain that the United States ever made.

* * *

When Chas. S. Fairbanks, Vice-President of the United States, attends a function of any sort, he should remember his official position. One who occupies his high place in this Government is not so free to come and go as the individual citizen is: consequently, the Vice-President committed a serious error when he attended the banquet of the Catholic University in Washington City *where violent*

speeches were made denouncing the French Government.

Jas. G. Blaine, as we all remember, lost the Presidency, because in his presence the Rev. Mr. Burchard declared that those things which had most afflicted this country were, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

The Catholics in New York held Mr. Blaine responsible for this utterance. They condemned him, *because he had not condemned Burchard.*

Vice-President Fairbanks attended a banquet where a sister republic was violently denounced because of the manner in which she was regulating her own domestic concerns. The policy for which these Catholics were denouncing France is precisely the policy of our own Government. *France wants to have what we already have,* to wit, *a separation of Church from State.*

It occurs to us that the Vice-President has been guilty of grave indiscretion.

Suppose that Minister Briand of France had attended a meeting of Protestants in which President Roosevelt was savagely denounced for his attitude toward the Storers; suppose that the speakers at the Protestant meeting had misrepresented the President and had assailed him in the most vicious manner,—would not Mr. Roosevelt have had the right to protest against the presence of Mr. Briand at such a banquet? Would not Mr. Roosevelt have regarded the silent acquiescence of Mr. Briand as a grave departure from the proprieties? Would not the French Government have been asked for some explanation and apology? We think it would. We do not think that our President would or *should have submitted to such an outrage.*

Judging Mr. Fairbanks by the same rule, we think that he insulted the French Government, as well as every citizen of America who believes that the French Government has the same right to control its civil affairs, without dictation from the Italian priests, *that we ourselves claim and exercise.*

* * *

Both houses of Congress have passed an act which raises the salaries of Senators and Representatives to $7,500 per year. Considering that the cost of living has been so greatly advanced during the last few years, we think that very few of the tax payers would have protested against the increase had it been made in a creditable manner. But the House of Representatives, in voting themselves a 50 per cent increase in wages, acted in a manner that suggests the morals of a lot of sneak-thieves. The members did not dare to show the courage of their convictions by putting themselves upon record. If they *honestly* thought they were entitled to increase their own wages from $5,000 per year to $7,500, they were too cowardly to say so. On the other hand, those who honestly thought the increase should not be made, and who so voted, did not have the moral courage to call for the yeas and nays, and thus force a record vote *which would have put the responsibility for the increase where it belonged.* The truth would seem to be that practically every member was in favor of the increase and, therefore, the yeas and nays were not called for. Had the gentlemen who were elected at the last election told the people that they favored an increase in their salaries, and meant to show it when they got back to Washington, the complexion of the present House would probably have been somewhat different to what it is today.

* * *

It seems reasonably certain that the separation of the Church from the State will become an accomplished fact in France without any further serious trouble. In fact, the Jesuits in this country, led by Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, have been more

violent and demonstrative than the French clergy themselves. Our readers should remember that, as the Catholics are dominant in France *those who accomplished the passage of the Separation Act were Catholics.* The public opinion which supports the ministry of Clemenceau is the public opinion of Catholic France. American Catholics should remember this before becoming excited. Doubtless you will admit, in spite of all that can be said by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, *that the Catholics of France are presumed to know how to manage their own affairs.* The Jesuit politicians of the Vatican would, of course, be glad to exercise a secret but despotic control over every Government on earth. In France, the Roman hierarchy have been enjoying a yearly tribute of ten million dollars, wrung from the tax payers of France and turned over to the Catholic church A very great deal of this money of course finds its way to Rome and stays there.

Just as in the time of Martin Luther, German Catholics were groaning under the exactions of the Italian priesthood, so the French and Spanish Catholics are groaning today.

Just as the "away-from-Rome" movement of Luther had its rise in a spirit of patriotic revolt against foreign control and tribute-taking, so the revolt of the French Catholics of the present day has its origin in a determination to keep more of their money at home and to rule France through her own constituted authorities, rather than through the Pope and his Vatican politicians.

That France will win need not be doubted, and to her will be due the praises of all those who believe that a union between the Church and State has always been, and always will be *detrimental to real Christianity and to the true principles of civil liberty.*

When Cardinal Gibbons stated that the French Government was making war upon religion, his statement was taken as true by the unthinking American Catholic, and various meeting have been held in which the French Government was denounced. Of course, the statement was untrue. If he had informed himself at all about this subject, he knew that the French Government had put the Catholic church precisely on the same footing with the Protestant church. the Jews. and the Greek Catholic church. French Catholics had only to accept the law, just as other religious bodies did, and form associations for religious worship—in that case the churches were to be dedicated to the very same use for which they were intended when they were built. There was not a Catholic congregation in France which could not have had the use of its property by simply complying with the law of religious association. The Protestant churches were willing to comply with the law and did comply with it. The Jews were willing to accept the law and did accept it. The Greek Catholic church was willing to obey the legislative act and did obey it.

A majority of the French Catholics wanted to obey the law and requested the Roman hierarchy to allow them to do it. But the Pope, controlled of course by the Italian priests who surround him in the Vatican, ordered the French Catholics to defy their own Government. Such an order on the part of the Pope was incendiary in its character, for it tended to make rebellion against the Government inevitable. Surely the Vicar of Christ gives a queer rendering of the terms Brotherly Love, Peace, Good Will, and of the text of *"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."*

* * *

The Panama Canal continues to cause certain of our National leaders, industrial and political,—to lead the life strenuous.

CLEMENCEAU, THE HERO OF THE STRUGGLE OF FRANCE TO CAST OFF THE CLERICAL YOKE.

Mr. Shonts has resigned the Chairmanship of the Canal Commission and has taken position with Belmont and Ryan in New York.

It would seem that the contract for the actual digging of the Big Ditch will be allotted to Mr. Oliver of Tennessee.

It is greatly to be deplored that President Roosevelt backed down from his original proposition to buy all material necessary to do the work wherever it could be secured on the best terms. It is estimated that the outlay in the purchase of these various materials will reach the sum of eighty million dollars. When we consider that the actual price of this material is increased by an average of at least 40 per cent by our precious tariff, it will be seen that the Trusts will gather unto themselves a harvest of something like thirty million dollars, before the ships from one sea pass through the Canal into the other.

This enormous saving was worth making a struggle for, and we repeat that it is to be greatly regretted that Mr. Roosevelt backed down when Dalzell and other Stand-patters began to howl. It is only a question of time,—and in our judgment, a short time,—when the Stand-patters have got to be fought—and *that* would have been as good a place to have opened the battle as any other.

* * *

The Press Dispatches announce the fact that the Louisiana Lottery Co., has at length gone out of business.

After it was driven from Louisiana by the Post Office Department with the deadly weapon known as the *"Fraud Order,"* it located itself in Honduras, from which State it has been selling into this country tickets amounting to about $200,000 per month. So vigorous, however, has been the persecution of these gamblers by the Government through the Post Office, and through the Custom House officers that they have at last thrown up the sponge and abandoned the fight.

If it should appear from later developments that this huge gambling concern has at length been crushed, the Government will be entitled to congratulations and grateful thanks from all right-thinking people.

* * *

In Spain, as well as in France, the Catholic hierarchy is a cause of trouble. In Spain, as well as in France, there are thousands of loyal Catholics who resent the tyranny of the Italian priesthood. In Spain, as in France, there is an impulse toward Home Rule.

It will be remembered that recently the Prime Minister of Spain, de Armijo,—the Liberal Minister who wished to reform Spanish politics,—was forced out of office by the Jesuits, who secured the appointment of Mr. Maura as Prime Minister.

The program of de Armijo, according to the *Epoca*, (a clerical paper published in Madrid), included the recognition of the civil marriage ceremony as legal, the appointment of lay associations of public worship, after the manner of France, restrictions on the Church's power of acquiring property, and the right of the Cortes to sanction or veto the foundation of to revise the list of those already existing.

Of course the *Epoca* and other papers of like character denounce the Marquis de Armijo as a Jacobin, a Radical, an Incendiary, a sower of the seeds of Religious War and so forth and so on.

Our readers do not need to be reminded that whenever any Government has sought to deprive the priesthood of any of its privileges, and powers, and ill-gotten wealth, the cry of the priesthood has invariably been, *"You are crucifying Christ afresh.*

You are making war upon religion. You are an emissary of Hell." In other words, the priest never fails to identify himself with Jesus Christ and God Almighty; whenever you wish to take away from him something that he ought never to have had, he wails and bemoans the fact that you are making war, not upon the priests, or upon priestly abuses, *but upon Christ.* Consequently, the priest is always an awkward opponent to tackle.

EX-MINISTER DE ARMIJO.

If there is any country on earth where the priestly hierarchy should be shorn of its tyrannical power, and restricted in the acquirement of property, it is Spain. If there is any country under the sun where the cowl of the monk has been pulled over the brain of the people, it is Spain; if there is any country under the sun where the heart of a great people has been eaten out by superstition, it is Spain. The poor little Spanish King, Alphonse XIII, has been led by his Jesuit masters from one town to another, in order that his people might be edified by seeing their King prostrate himself, and glue his lips to the images set up here and there throughout the kingdom. Whenever a religious procession in the streets happens to pass while poor little Alphonso is out riding, he immediately dismounts, flops down in the mud, and remains on his knees until the monkish procession has marched past.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, *that the sale of "Indulgencies" goes on in Spain, to-day,* as it did in Germany at the time when Martin Luther nailed his celebrated theses to the Church door in Wittenberg. It is a literal fact that a Catholic of Spain can purchase absolution for any crime excepting Apostacy. For money he can buy remission of sin, and the Church has so unblushingly established this system in Spain, that the "Indulgencies" are printed pretty much as we Americans print our circulars. This would seem incredible, but it is the truth.

All historians are well acquainted with the fact that Clericalism has been the winding sheet of Spanish greatness. Now that there is some indication of a struggle for better things in Spain, the outside world will note the combat between mediaval bigotry and modern liberalism, with intense interest. One of the Liberal papers published in Madrid denounces Monastic Orders "which pour in from every quarter of the globe upon the soil of Spain to add to the misery in which the poor classes live, ground down in ecclesiastical taxes." Says this paper: "Japan has attained civilization; China is laying the foundation of European constitutions; Persia has put such a constitution into actual operation; and the Czar of Russia is taking measures to remodel his bureaucracy. The only immovable, irreformable, incorrigibly corrupt Government which at present exists in all the world is the Spanish monarchy."

* * *

The Chinese Government appears

to be making an earnest, energetic effort to put down the Opium traffic. The sympathy and support of the world should be hers.

Possibly the most infamous war that was ever waged, was that which France and England, combined, waged against China, some fifty odd years ago, *to compel that kingdom to open her ports to Opium.* This Opium traffic being enormously profitable to the English merchants, they resented the closing of China's ports to their ships. They brought the necessary pressure to bear upon the British Cabinet; and the world was given *the shocking spectacle of two Christian nations* sending out invading armies to compel the "Heathen Chinee" *to open his arms to the Christian trader,* who came to debauch and ruin him.

* * *

Senator Beveridge of Indiana deserves the thanks of all good people for his splendid fight to protect, by Federal Legislation, the children of tender age who are thrown into our factories and mills to be ground up into dividends.

The amount of testimony which Mr. Beveridge has collected is of a character to appall those who reflect, that such mistreatment of *the children* will render *the man* of the future incapable of bearing aloft and carrying forward the standards of higher civilization.

"What does France chiefly need?" asked Napoleon of Mme. Campan.

"Mothers," she answered.

"You are right," said Napoleon, and he placed her at the head of his great training school for girls. What sort of *mothers* will be the output of the commercialism which takes our tiny girls into sweat shops and factory tenements?

* * *

Wide-spread famine prevails in China as well as in Russia.

President Roosevelt has appealed to Americans for a relief fund. The Inter-national Red Cross Society is actively at work forwarding and applying all contributions.

But the relief which sporadic and individual charity can afford is slight, where the conditions under which the masses live tend to make periodical famine inevitable,—as in China, Rusria and India.

* * *

The Ship Subsidy thieves, acting through the well-known corporation lawyer, Elihu Root, unfortunately succeeded in ensnaring President Roosevelt in the meshes of their net.

There is not an argument which can be advanced for the Ship Subsidy which ought not to make an Angel blush. A more bare-faced, shameless piece of class legislation was never proposed. It is simply the effort of such men as E. H. Harriman, J. P. Morgan and T. F. Ryan to get another pull on the Federal Treasury.

Our tariff system taxed our Merchant Marine off the seas by making it impossible for an American to build at home a ship as cheaply as the foreigner can build, or buy one in Scotland, England or Germany. Not being allowed to protect with the American flag a ship which he buys abroad, the American merchant must build his ship at home; therefore, when the tariff made it impossible for him to build a ship in this country as cheaply as it could be built abroad, those foreigners *who secured the cheaper vessels,* naturally ran the American merchants off the seas.

Now, the way to put the American ship back on the seas is plain. Naturally we should allow the American citizen to buy his ship *wherever he can get it cheapest;* or we should *put on the free list* the material that enters into the construction of the ship, *when that material is used for the purpose of building a ship.* In this plain and simple way, the American flag and the American vessel could once more be put back on the ocean. But the

Stand-patters cannot endure the idea of having it done that way. Having taxed the flag off the seas they will tax it back. The common people had to bear the burden when the Merchant Marine was taxed off the ocean, and now we are to have subsidies voted out of the Treasury to put our ships back on the ocean, and of course we all know that the money which flows into the Treasury is taken from the un-

ELIHU ROOT.

privileged common people,—not from the exploiters of special privilege, and class legislation. Consequently the Ship Subsidy proposes that, whereas the American ship was taxed off the sea at the expense of the common people, *it shall be taxed back upon the sea at the expense of the same victims.*

The subsidy thieves represent the organized, protected classes. Their victims have heretofore been unorganized and, therefore, helpless. With a rapidity which our national bosses seem not to realize, *the victims are rushing into organizations,* and our firm conviction is that the day of the Stand-patter is rapidly drawing to its end.

* * *

The wicked French Ministry, in league with all the powers of darkness, are not only over-throwing the aristocratic Catholic Hierarchy, but are proposing to compel the rich to pay taxes upon their incomes.

Shall we not have additional indignation meetings throughout the United States denouncing the French Government? It seems to us that John D. Rockefeller, Chancellor Day, August Belmont, J. P. Morgan and Thos. F. Ryan, will be almost inexcusably derelict in duty if they do not at once call together the Plutocrats of our great cities and denounce the French Ministry for its attack upon Vested Rights. Vice-President Fairbanks should by all means be invited to attend; the case would seem to be urgent.

This anarchistic and irreligious French Ministry actually intends to compel the Plutocrats of France to pay 4 per cent. taxes upon all incomes derived from personal and real property. Upon all incomes derived from commercial pursuits the tax will be 3½ per cent. Upon all incomes derived from employment, the tax will be 3 per cent.

With a cruel disregard of the inner secrets of such patriotic citizens as Andrew Carnegie, H. H. Rogers, J. D. Rockefeller, etcetera, the French Government proposes to have the tax payers questioned under oath as to their properties, and a part of the process of arriving at the truth in each case, will be a production of the books of the reluctant tax payer.

Possessors of an income of more than one thousand dollars per year, will pay a progressive income tax from ⅕ of 1 per cent. to 4 per cent.

The declared purpose of the Government is to relieve the burden of the agricultural class, to diminish the

tax on salaries, and *to increase the tax upon acquired wealth.*

Now, by all means, let Cardinal Gibbons and Vice-President Fairbanks come together, as a noble pair of brothers, and denounce the iniquitous measures of the guilty French Government.

Their program is anarchistic, confiscatory, revolutionary,—and partakes of the character of Lynch Law.

Down with such foes to the "Safe and Sane."

* * *

It seems to me that Vice-President Fairbanks committed a grave indiscretion by attending the banquet of the Catholic College in Washington City, where the French Government was violently denounced.

In his individual capacity of *private citizen,* Mr. Fairbanks has the same right to go to any sort of social function that any other citizen enjoys, but *as Vice-President of the United States* he is clothed with a responsibility which he could not lay aside, even though he wished to do so.

It would be manifestly improper, in the highest degree, for *President Roosevelt* to attend a banquet in which a friendly Government is denounced. What would clearly have been wrong if done by the President, *was no less wrong when done by the Vice-President.*

Mr. Fairbanks is considered a Presidential aspirant for 1908; he is evidntly catering to the Catholic vote. That is all right. But let him take the consequences of *going too far,* just as he should. Let every Catholic in this country who believes in Home Rule, and who believes that those Catholics in France who have brought tween the Church and the State did about the severance of relations be the proper thing, remember the fact that the Vice-President of the United States gave *his tacit sanction to the denunciation of their brethren in France.* Let the Protestants of this country remember that Mr. Fairbanks, our Vice-President, in his eagerness to have the Jesuit and Ultra-Montaine vote,—in his eagerness to stand in with such servile tools of the Italian priests as Cardinal Gibbons, has acted in a way that should bring upon him the censure and the repudiation of all true-hearted Americans who believe that our fore-fathers acted wisely in divorcing the Church from the State.

If the President of the French Republic, or any member of his ministry, had attended a public meeting in Paris in which the policies of Mr. Roosevelt and his cabinet were intemperately denounced, there would have been a yell of protest throughout this country, which would probably have ruptured the friendly relations now existing between the two republics. No one will deny this.

Mr. Roosevelt would have been acting strictly within the limits of self-respect and righteous resentment, had he compelled the French Government to make some explanation and apology.

If the French Republic takes no notice of this astonishing breach of propriety which our Vice-President has been guilty of, we may all congratulate ourselves upon the fact that the guidance of the destinies of France are in hands more to be trusted than are some of those who stand near the President of the United States of America.

Educational Department.

Conducted by Thos. E. Watson.

Aiken, S. C., July 10, 1906.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I notice in the July number of your magazine the article in which you attack the tariff on foreign goods.

If we had open ports would that not force the manufacturer to sell his products at a lower price? Would this not result in the cut of wages employed by the manufacturers? Would like to hear your good judgment on this subject.

Yours truly,
W. T. Woodruff.

—

ANSWER.

A lower tariff which would permit foreign goods to be sold in our markets should not, and probably would not, have the slightest tendency to lower the wages. The manufacturers now do not pay any more than they can help, and the laboring people would certainly not consent to any reduction unless the cost of living which would be reduced by a reduction of tariff made it clear to them that the lowering of the tariff had really compensated in value for any lowering of the wage-scale.

More than twenty years ago, James G. Blaine, a protectionist to the tips of his fingers, declared that wages in America were no higher than those in England, although England was a free trade country while America had the highest protective tariff ever known in the history of man-kind.

Mr. Blaine declared that when the difference in produce was considered, the English laborer under free trade got quite as much in the way of wages as the American laborer received under higher tariff.

To prove that the tariff has nothing to do with the wages, consider the difference between England and Germany, or between England and France. England has no tariff at all; both Germany and France have protective duties. Yet the English laborer is paid altogether better wages than are paid in Germany and France.

There is another fact that should convince everyone that the tariff is not imposed for the benefit of the laboring people, it is this: a smaller wage is paid to the laborers who toil in the protected industries than is paid to those who produce these articles which are not protected by any tariff duty whatever. As an illustration of the truth that the laborer is constantly buncoed and humbugged, you will find if you study the facts that the negro laborers who produce the cotton are paid a greater proportion of the product of their labor than is paid to the workman in any protected industry.

All modern tariff systems date back to that of Colbert the great Minister of Louis XIV of France. When he set up the tariff system in France he made no claim it was done in the interests of the laboring classes. With cynical frankness he said he was doing it for the benefit of the capitalists. This was strictly true and it is the literal truth about every tariff system that has been imposed.

When you analyze the question of wages, you readily see that you can

not arrive at a just conclusion unless you study not only the amount of those wages in dollars but also the question as to how far that amount of wages will go in purchasing those necessaries of life which the laborer must have in order to live. If I were working for $1.00 per day and had to pay fifty cents every day in order to procure the necessaries of life, I would be clearing a net profit on my labor of 50 cents per day. But suppose the tariff were increased upon all those articles which I must buy until I have to spend 75 cents per day to get precisely the same quantity of clothing, food, house furnishings, etc., that I formerly could obtain with the 50 cents. You can see at once that while my wages have not been reduced in dollars they have been reduced in fact. The wages are only worth to me what I can procure with them, in the way of things I need. This one important fact is almost always overlooked in arguments concerning the tariff. Every single article which the laborer in the manufactory has to purchase in order that he may exist, has its price increased in some way or other by the tariff before it gets to him. Therefore, what the tariff system claims to give to the laborer in the way of increased wages, it actually takes away from him in the form of increased prices on those things that he must buy.

Now, for instance, in 1878, our State Department put out an official report called "The State of Labor in Europe." In this document, it was shown that the American laborer was receiving $3.00 while the English laborer was receiving $2.00; but that rent, clothing, and all articles of food, except meat and bread, are so much cheaper in England as to make up at least half this difference. Hence wages though nominally 50 per cent. higher in America were only 25 per cent higher. Now when you make due allowance for the fact that the American laborer turned out a greater amount of produce than the English laborer, their wages were no greater than the English laborer was getting although, on the face of it, it appeared that the American laborer was getting one dollar more than his English brother. Besides, the Consular Reports show that the laboring people of Great Britain are 20 per cent. better fed, 40 per cent. better clothed, 50 per cent. better housed, 100 per cent. better educated than when England had a protected tariff.

As soon as England adopted free trade, wages advanced more rapidly than they ever have in this country. England is today paying, and for forty years has been paying, the highest wages known to the Eastern hemisphere. Russia has the highest protective tariff in Europe and the lowest wages. Austria comes next both as to high tariff and low wages. France has a tariff which is also lower than that of Germany, yet she pays higher wages.

In the report on the State of Labor in Europe, it is shown that the wages of skilled labor is $3.60 per week under high protection in Germany, but $7.60 per week under free trade in England.

In this country, between 1846 and 1860, there was a greater rise in the wages paid in the protected industries of iron, cotton and woolen than during any other period in the history of this republic.

A final fact to be considered is this: our Department of State in 1878 made the statement that: "The average American workman performs over one-half or twice as much work in a day as the average European workman."

Reynolds, Ga., Dec. 12, 1906.

MR. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have been contemplating studing law at home, by corres-

pondence or get the necessary books and learn by myself, or enter a law office and study.

Mr. Watson, I know that you are a competent adviser, and I hope you will be generous enough to answer me.

I am in the eighth grade and can learn very well. I want to study books that are necessary to a lawyer.

Would you please name a list of books from the eighth grade up that are necessary, or of any importance to a lawyer's literary education? And what law books must I study to be well read in law, and any books of importance to knowledge of lawyer?

Please advise how long does it take an apt student to learn law, and how long will it take me to get a literary education sufficient?

Mr. Watson, would you advise a young man to study law unless he possessed remarkable ability? Or does the common man's diligent study make him as good a lawyer as the overaverage man at common study?

Does an effort add as much to a talent as a talent adds to an effort in law? I see men make a noble effort and never accomplish much, and I don't want to study law unless I could be a good criminal lawyer.

Mr. Watson, I would appreciate an answer to this letter.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Walter McDaniel.

—

ANSWER.

The text books which you should study in preparing yourself for admission to the bar are as follows: Blackstone's Commentaries, Greenleaf on Evidence, The Code of your State; and it would be advisable to add to these Kent's Commentaries, for the reason that they are written with special reference to American laws and institutions, whereas Blackstone's Commentaries were written with reference to English laws and institutions.

By diligent study you could prepare yourself for admission to the bar in about six months. If you have twelve months that you can devote to the task, take twelve months instead of six. You can study as well at home as in a law school. Some of the best lawyers that ever practiced at the American bar got their preparation just that way. No matter how many law schools you might attend, the greater part of your proficiency as an actual practitioner of law would have to be acquired after admission to the bar. It takes Court House experience to make a lawyer. You can learn the principles in the books but you must learn in the school of actual experience how to apply these principles. In other words, no matter how full a carpenter's chest may be of splendid tools, he does not know what to do with them until he learns it by actual work at his trade. It is this way with a lawyer. Of course if you read law under some Attorney who will take an interest in your studies, his direction will be very valuable to you. A course of study at a college or law school is not absolutely necessary to the making of a successful lawyer.

There is no profession in which steady hard work counts more certainly in favor of the worker than in law. Any man of real intelligence who will devote himself exclusively to the practice of law and will study hard and work hard can make a successful lawyer. Any man who has had a good English education possesses as much culture as is strictly necessary to the making of a practical success out of himself can make a success as a lawyer. The knowledge of Latin and Greek have nothing whatever to do with the success of a lawyer.

You ask does effort add as much to talent as talent adds to effort. It is sufficient to know that one's capacity to do things is almost always in exact proportion to his expenditures of intelligent effort. No man can tell what

he himself can do until he earnestly tries. In every speech made by speakers of real talent there are thoughts and expressions,—sometimes the best thoughts and expressions,—that had not occurred to him until he was in the full tide of his address. It is so with writers likewise. Frequently the very best thoughts which may be contained in the editorial, essay, or book, had never entered the mind of the author until the very moment when they leaped from his mind to the end of his pen.

Whenever you see men making noble efforts and not accomplishing much, one of two things is bound to be true: either a terrible mistake was made in regard to what the man himself was fitted to do, or failure is more apparent than real. Frequently that which appears to be an utter failure to one generation is regarded as a glorious success by the next.

Meridian, Miss., Jan. 10, 1907.

Mr. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—In our study of the United States History we came to a statement concerning Georgia and as I am a Georgian, I would like to find out if it is true.. It is found in Channing's Students' History of the United States, in section 285. The Anti-slavery Agitation, 1831-38. It is this: "The other Southern states made it the occasion for more stringent enactments against the blacks, and one state, Georgia, by act of its legislature, promised a reward of five thousand dollars to any one who would kidnap Garrison (William Lloyd) and bring him into the state to be tried according to Georgia laws for inciting slaves to insurrection." Any information will be appreciated.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Oscar Lott.

—

ANSWER.

Through the kindness of my friend Col. Jno. C. Read, I am not only able to answer the question of our young friend, Mr. Lott, but am able to give him a copy of the act of the legislature. Here it is:

In Senate, Nov. 30, 1831.

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, in General Assembly met, That the sum of five thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, to be paid to any person or persons who shall arrest, bring to trial and prosecute to conviction under the laws of this state, the editor or publisher of a certain paper called the Liberator, published in the town of Boston and State of Massachusetts; or who shall arrest, bring to trial and prosecute to conviction under the laws of this state any other person or persons who shall ever publish or circulate within the limits of this state said paper called the Liberator, or any other paper, circular, pamphlet, letter or address of a seditious character."

(Next paragraph authorizes the governor to draw his warrant on treasurer for the money.)

(Next paragraph provides that these resolutions be included in the appropriation Act).

"And resolved further, That his excellency the governor, cause the foregoing resolution to be published in the public Journals of this State, and such other papers as he may think proper, and pay for the publication thereof out of the contingent fund."

Approved December 24, 1831.
(Signed) Wilson Lumpkin,
Governor.

Honaker, Va.

Dear Sir:—(1). Who have been the different U. S. Commissioners of Education and who is the present Commissioner?

(2). What was the "Harrison-Hill combine that defeated Cleveland in 1888?"

(3). Why not a "combine" of the Watson, Hearst and Bryan forces in 1908 to defeat the plutocrats now playing "Czar" with the American government and our people?

(4). Whom do you consider the best Jeffersonian democrat in the Republican party to-day?

(Signed) J. L. K.

ANSWER.

(1). The present U. S. Commissioner of Education is Wm. T. Harris, 1360 Yale St., Washington, D. C. Have no book of reference by me which would enable me to give you the names of his predecessors. Doubtless if you would drop him a card of inquiry he would furnish you with the list.

(2). It was the combination which gave the state control to New York and the governorship of New York to David B. Hill, while it lost the state of New York to Mr. Cleveland and therefore cost him the Presidency.

(3). "Barkis is willin'": sound the other two.

(4). Teddy, of course.

Americus, Ga., Feb. 1, 1907.

Hon. T. E. Watson.

Dear Tom:—Please write us how cheap you can insert the following advertisement in your next issue of Magazine.

Why in the thunder do you always refer in your Educational column to Northern dealers to supply rare books or any kind of books when we here make a specialty of hunting up any book published no matter when or where issued? Our company are now reprinting several rare books and we have in our employ the best book-hunter in the country.

Your friend,

J. E. D. Shipp.

Rare Americana, civil war, slavery, and Southern histories. Send for catalogues.

Americus Book Co.,
Americus, Ga.

ANSWER.

Thomson, Ga., Feb. 6, 1907.

Hon. J. E. D. Shipp, Americus, Ga.

My Dear Shipp:—Yours received. The reason why I always referred to Mr. F. E. Grant of New York is because he has always specially referred to me, and pushes the sale of my books with constancy and tireless energy. It has been a case of "you tickle me and I tickle you." He has sold thousands of my books by sending out his illustrated catalogues, private letters, etc. Therefore, I have got more recognition and encouragement from this one Northern bookseller than from every Southern book dealer, editor and publisher combined.

Do you blame me for having been grateful to this Northern friend? Have you ever in any of your catalogues given me any special mention or have you in your correspondence made any special effort to have the South recognize me as an author?

Don't understand me to be offended or to be resentful of the neglect which I have received at the hands of the South. I am not resentful and am not sour but I would be doing violence to the law of my nature if I had failed to appreciate sincerely and profoundly the noble work which F. E. Grant has done for me in featuring my books.

It is not going to cost you a cent to get your question in my paper and Magazine but this answer is going right along with it.

Press Opinion of Us.

She's a Clipper.

Yes, we mean to say that WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE is a clipper.

Everybody wants to read it whether they like Watson or not. We were impressed with this thought as we were riding across the State the other day. We had not finished reading the first issue before leaving home so we decided to buy one from the news boy, but he said: "I have sold out, cap; had them when I left Atlanta, but they go like hot cakes." Well, it did not seem strange that a news boy would be out of any one publication, but when we had tried three news exchanges, and three or four news stands we realized the fact that something unusual had happened about this publication; they had all been sold.

We will not surprise our readers by saying that we believe that Mr. Watson, of all Southern men, is the man to start a great magazine, because they all know that we have ever believed in him.

His sincerity of purpose, his ability and unquestionable loyalty to the masses has always appealed to us.

We can not say more for Mr. Watson and his magazine than to say the South needs them and will show her appreciation by her patronage.

It has been a good many years since we became an admirer of Watson the statesman, Watson the writer, and Watson the man.

If he had sold out like some others, he would have been called great by many who have scored him. Why didn't he sell? It would have made him rich, it would have placed him in the easy way.

The days he has spent in hard work for the poor could have been spent on the seashore, then why didn't he sell? My boy, no man can tell except those who have been tried in the same fire, and if they were to explain someone would snarl at them.

Here, Mr. Watson, the *Union News* gives you her hand, willing to help you fight for the rights of the people, God's people.

Personally, the *Union News* would like to have this champion of the "under dog" in the Farmers' Union. —Barnesville, (Ga.) *News.*

Tom Watson's JEFFERSONIAN came to our desk not many weeks since, but it takes our mental cranium a good while to properly digest this Southern fire-eater's political religion, hence our lateness in joining the Georgia editors in expressing an opinion about it. The magazine is well gotten up and does credit to the managing editor and also to the editor-in-chief, who holds the tiller in hand. On the whole, everything and nothing excepted, Tom Watson and his magazine will be a valuable addition to Georgia's already large list of wholesome periodicals. — Ocilla, (Ga.) *Star.*

We have read with interest the January and first number of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. In make-up and typography it is in every way equal to the big Northern magazines, and a great credit to the Atlanta printing fraternity. From cover to cover, the magazine is interesting, the personality of Tom Watson showing in every department of it. This first issue is not perfect, nor up to the standard intended, for the reason that it was published on short notice and without the thorough organization a little time will give it. We like the magazine, and predict

that it will be a literary and financial success.—LaGrange, (Ga.) *Reporter.*

Tom Watson's JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE is now out, and in our next paper we hope to offer our readers clubbing rates with the *Herald.* Tom Watson is a "Reformer." He is also one of our best informed citizens, and a man of power and great influence. We recommend Tom Watson's works to our people, both North and South.—Canon, (Ga.) *Herald.*

The reception given WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE all over the South should be very gratifying to the brilliant editor of the magazine. Tom Watson is one of the most brilliant and forceful writers of the nation.—Statesboro, (Ga.) *Star.*

We are in receipt of Tom Watson's genuine magazine for January which is now called WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE and is published in Atlanta.

The first number is as full of good reading matter as an egg is of meat and Hon. Thomas E. Watson is much in evidence as a good portion of its space is filled with articles from his fluent pen.

If you want the genuine Watson's Magazine with Watson in it cut loose from the New York concern and subscribe for WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, Atlanta, Ga.—Camp Hill, (Ala.) *Times.*

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE is easily the best Southern magazine we have seen, in point of reading matter, neat typographical appearance and excellent arrangement of the articles published, and it ranks with the best published anywhere in the country. It is far and away an improvement over *Watson's Magazine,* which was published in New York.

The first issue of a newspaper or magazine is always a severe trial. WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE will improve with age, though the standard set by the first edition will be mighty hard to live up to.

We wish the new venture all kinds of success.—Dublin, (Ga.) *Dispatch.*

We have received and read with great interest, Tom Watson's new JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. And we are led to believe that every patriotic voter in this broad land should subscribe for and read it. It is far superior to what the New York Magazine that bears his name ever was.—Cleburne, (Tex.) *Watchman.*

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE published at Atlanta, Ga., begins its existence in a broad spirit and under the most auspicious circumstances. Mr. Watson has consecrated himself to the work of teaching the principles of free government as laid down by Jefferson and hopes to leave his impress on the future political course of the nation. Mr. Watson is a forceful writer himself and has gathered around him a staff of helpers who will render valuable assistance in making the magazine popular with all classes, many of whom would not be attracted by a one-man purely political publication. Moreover the time could not be more propitious as the recent investigations and disclosures in politics, finance, industrialism and the various combinations of capital for perpetuating the money power have put the nation in the right mental attitude when the teachings of an apostle of government of, by and for the people are eagerly sought. WATSON'S MAGAZINE should succeed and there is every reason to believe that it will.—Gadsden, (Ala.) *Journal.*

The advent of the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, with the Hon. Thomas E. Watson as its editor, is an event of more than ordinary importance in the

literary, political and economic world of the South. The Jeffersonian is, in point of personal appearance and equipment, far in advance of any other magazine ever published in the South. The magazine comes to us with an attractive cover, with beautiful clear type and with a suggestion of carefulness in arrangement, which, joined to its culture and perception and taste of its selections, makes it in itself and by itself without other consideration a remarkable literary venture.

But when to this equipment is joined the wonderful force and personality of the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, the magazine assumes a significance and a force which, it would seem, is certain to give it currency and power in Southern affairs, which must be notable from this time forth. There can be no doubt of the fact that Mr. Watson is distinctly one of the most brilliant and forceful personalities of the South. He writes with virile force, with pungent wit, rare eloquence and with a comprehensive information. Author, publicist, statesman and orator, it seems a fitting and beneficent culmination to his great career that he should bring himself now chiefly through his pen as an instrument of enlightenment and inspiration to his fellow men.— Augusta, (Ga.) *Herald.*

The first number of Thomas E. Watson's new magazine, the JEFFERSONIAN was issued this month. It is a good sized infant, bright and healthy in appearance. It has an attractive cover page, the entire magazine is printed on good paper, and the type is clear and distinct. So much for its mechanical construction.

Few are the publications that reflect the personality of the editor; the prevailing craze for news, not views, submerging editorial policies in a veritable whirlpool of fact and fiction from far and near.

Mr. Watson is attempting to preserve the personal equation, by making the editorial department, wherein political and economic questions are discussed, peculiarly his own.

The story of the Mann-Watson episode is told in full, and it makes interesting reading. It tells of the adventures of the good ship Town Topics as it sailed the high seas of Rich New York, and how its private crew, commanded by the hoary Mann, preyed on the secrets of the four hundred, dragging ghastly skeletons and gruesome cadavers from their secret closets to feed rapacious appetites for blackmail. . . .

Mr. Watson is human; he is not above mistakes; and his connection with the unsavory crew of Town Topics was one of them, as unfortunate for himself as for the cause he champions.

There are other magazine features, book reviews, editorials, and an educational department as Mr. Watson's personal portion, with poetry and fiction from various sources.

Aside from the interest that attaches to the personality of Thomas E. Watson, the career of the JEFFERSONIAN will be watched with added attention, because of the prevalent opinion that it is impossible to bulid a national magazine in the South, or indeed anywhere outside of a cosmopolitan metropolis:

It is to be hoped that a better fate awaits the JEFFERSONIAN, than has attended the fortunes of Southern periodicals heretofore. — *Madison Democrat,* Madison, Ind.

Farmers' Union Department.

The South's Marvelous Monopoly.

It's no light job to get the farmers out of the old rut.

It is a matter of surprise as I note such indifference among so many farmers to the Farmers' Union movement, which has in it the salvation of the South, financially, socially and industrially. Cotton is the currency of the South. Upon it depends her development. Cotton being the currency of the South, her whole financial system is dependent upon the proper control of it. And I want to state right here that it is left to the farmers alone to fight it out. It has been left to the farmers alone for more than forty years.

I know that the members of the Farmers' Union know that as prices of cotton goes up, the purchasing power of the South increases, and as it goes down, the purchasing power of the South decreases. The members of the Union have done and are doing the best they can, and there has never been an organization of the farmers that has accomplished so much in so short a time with so many farmers on the outside. We need all the farmers in our Union; it will be so much easier to cope with the vast organized forces of capital and brain which is and are arrayed against us to depress the price of this great staple that we produce.

The reason farmers have not controlled this great question heretofore is very simple, and the reason we are now going to control it is equally so. The war left the farmers of the South without resources, so far as a circulating medium is concerned. The only basis of credit that we had then was the prospective cotton crop that we might grow. Upon this possible collateral the Northern money-lender loaned to the Southern money-lender; he in return loaned to the merchant, and for supplies we farmers pledged our cotton before the seed was planted. The Northern money-lender made his notes payable in those months, the earliest possible, when the cotton was ready for market—in September, October and November, the three gathering months. As soon as the cotton was ready for market, the Northern money-lender called upon the Southern money-lender, and he, to keep up his credit, called upon the merchant, and the merchant for the same reason called upon us, and we, having pledged our cotton before it was planted, were forced to place it upon the market, regardless of the price, in order to insure another year's credit, to make another crop. And for over forty years we have kept this progress going on, until we have got so used to dumping our cotton on the market that it seems almost impossible to teach some of us farmers otherwise.

It brings me in mind of the raw Dutchman who put the saddle on the horse wrong end before; when told of it, he said: "Vell, den, vat you know vich vay I go already onee." But the day of our slavery is passing by; the Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union is teaching us what we can do, and we are doing it. Today we are fully aware of the value of our cotton crop as a competitive article for the clothing of the world. Some men—some are farmers, too—seem to think that the Farmers' Union hasn't the ability to control the price of cotton. It is needless to say, or to attempt to prove, that we have a monopoly on cotton.

In 1866, on account of the scarcity

of cotton, middling cotton sold for $1.89 per pound in New York. Then it was that several European States met for the purpose of finding out by experiment whether it was possible to grow cotton on European soil to compete with America, and to supply the shortage. Six years afterwards, when, by virtue of the fact that the South was making a partial crop and supplying in a manner the needs of the world, middling cotton was bringing 65 cents per pound in New York. After this time the European association met to hear the report of their experiments. The unanimous opinion of those who did meet was that it was impossible to grow cotton in competition with America at these fabulous prices. What may Europe hope to do in competition with the South at 11 cents per pound, the minimum set by the Farmers' Union?

The other fabrics known to the world of which cloth is made are wool, flax and silk. I need not prove to you that these three fabrics cannot be raised and converted into cloth in competition with cotton. This being true, and foreign cotton not being able to compete with us, we have a monopoly of the clothing of the world. What a miserable spectacle we show to the world—sixteen million people, holding in their hands a monopoly of the world's clothing, hedged about by the eternal tariff of soil and climate, cringing under the lash of the gamblers of Wall Street, and allow them to set the price and determine whether we shall be poor or prosperous.

Let us not forget that the laws of business are as eternal and inexorable as the physical laws about us, and we must either observe these and prosper, or disregard them and suffer. Were any man or set of men to do business as we farmers do ours, they would be bankrupt and ruined. Let me draw a picture or a parallel. I go to a merchant in a city and I ask him, "What are you in business for?" His reply is, "To make money." I ask him, "How do you manage?" He says, "I go North or East, buy my goods, ship them to my place of business, add the freight to the original cost, then my house rent; or if I own my own house, the interest on the cost of building; then my clerk hire, then all incidental expenses necessary to put them into the hands of my customers, and to this cost I add twenty or thirty per cent, and if I sell enough goods I will get rich." I say to him, "That is a good business proposition." I put the same questions to the banker; he gives me the same answer. I go to the intelligent farmer in the country. I ask him, "What are you farming for?" His reply is, "To make money." I say, "How do you manage to make money?" His reply is, "I raise cotton, and it costs me so much to plant it, so much to plow it and to hoe it, so much to pick it and gin it; about 7½ cents per pound to get it ready for market." Then I ask him, "What do you get for it?" He replies, "God Almighty knows; I don't—just what the speculator sees fit to give me."

Now I ask any farmer, who is outside of the Farmers' Union what time do you suppose the cotton buyers are going to become so generous and unselfish that they will voluntarily add a living profit to your cotton? There is but one answer, and can be but one answer to that, to put yourselves in line with the Union, join it, help to build warehouses, and thus we'll get our heads together and dictate the price of our commodity.

I am writing and speaking through the *National Co-Operator* to its readers, a large body of representative men, and I say to you that you farmers, and not only you but merchants, bankers, one and all, depend upon the price of cotton, and not one of you has the power to change the price of cotton or the value of anything.

Then does not common sense dictate that we should combine all our forces, so that we can control cotton, our great monopoly, for the development of our marvelous resources, for the education and refinement of our people, beautifying of our homes and making this, our country, the garden spot of the world? It is not strange that of all the eighty-five millions of people, the farmers are the only ones not fully organized. It may be with them like Rev. Sam Jones said, when he compared his church members to the old hen and her chickens. She weaned them and stole out to her nest up on the mountain and layed another setting of eggs. By and by she went to setting. She was gone about two weeks, when she came down and met one of her daughters and asked her where her brother Jim was. The daughter answered he was gone. "Well, where is your brother Jake?" "He too, is gone." "Well, where are your other brothers?" "They are all gone." "Well, where to?" "They have gone into the ministry." The old hen replied, "Well, it's all well enough; they wouldn't have made good lay members anyhow."

Four years ago a 10,000,000 bale crop of cotton brought us about $300,000,000; two years ago, under control of the Farmers' Union, a 10,000,000 bale crop brought $600,000,000. One year ago our 13,800,000 bale crop brought us $628,000,000. Is not $300,000,000 worth striving for? This means about $2 per capita for every man, woman and child in the South. It means the development of our vast and virginal resources.

Now, I want to say that the fight the Farmers' Union is making to control the price of cotton is not an easy one, and every farmer should join with us, and then the battle will be so much easier. Not only do we need the help of every farmer, merchant, banker and financier, all should help. They, too have a part to play. But let us see what part the business world has played in the past. Cotton, as I have said before, is the currency of the South; it is the predominant industry of the world; it is the South's monopoly. The banker, merchant, financier, sit in their offices and the farmers drive up the streets with their cotton. This cotton is the better part of the South's currency. Who comes up to sample, grade and price? It is either exporters themselves, domestic mill buyers, or representatives of these. These buyers represent the organized brain and capital of the world. Back of them is the unlimited credit of the world. On the other side of the bales of cotton stand the farmers, representing the bone and sinew of the South; back of them are the sleuth-hounds, poverty and mortgaged debts. The buyers know the intrinsic and competitive value of cotton; they know the markets of the world, the demands of the world. The farmers are ignorant of all these. But where was, and where are the bankers all this time? Sitting in the counting rooms in their banks, watching the unequal fight. There need be no speculation as to the outcome of it. You bankers, merchants and financiers, the educated brain and capital of the South, have been and are now watching the fight, and see cotton beat down 3 cents on the pound, $15 on the bale, $15 less to come into your bank and into your business; $15 less to go back to these farmers' homes to be used in developing their farms, beautifying their homes, educating their children; $15 less to use in building up the producing power of that which they own; $150,000,000 less on a 10,000,000 bale crop, $210,000,000 less on a 14,000,000 bale crop, to be used in developing the resources and industries of the South. You, bankers, merchants, financiers, and you business men generally—you, I say, have been, and are, sitting idly by and watching this vast volume of

capital being swept out of the South, because the farmers have been unable to withstand the power of brain and capital.

What time did you put your hand upon these farmers' shoulders and tell them to hold on, that their cotton was worth $15 per bale more than they were getting for it; that you would help them build warehouses to put their cotton in; you would lend them sufficient money to meet their pressing obligations, and that you, the financiers, would join hands in this, the South's great fight, and turn back into her borders this great volume of money? I say, why didn't you, and why don't you help?

I have faith in the Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union movement, because the farmers are beginning to learn, and will learn, that the reason they have been taken advantage of, ground down and oppressed, is because they have been the "softest snap" in the world; that their own development is dependent upon their intelligence and co-operation.

Telephone and free rural delivery are making the facilities for communication perfect, so that the people in the backwood are becoming as well informed as those who walk the streets, and so the organization of the farmers is made easier. Yes, I have faith in the Farmers' Union movement, because we are men and the sons of men.

Yes, I have faith in the movement, because it is a fight worthy of every farmer and should be espoused by every one until the principles and purposes we are fighting for are realized.

Always for the Union, and, as ever,

Yours,

O. F. Dornblaser.

Celburne, Tex.

—From *Union News,* Barnesville, Ga.

The Farmers of Ben Hill County Endorse Speech of Thos. E. Watson.

We, the Farmers' Union of Ben Hill County, do most heartily indorse every word of the speech made by that most worthy son and statesman, Hon. Thos. E. Watson in Atlanta on the night of January 22, 1907.

Resolved first. That we also most heartily appreciate and hail with delight his willingness to co-operate with us and help us in our noble endeavor to throw off the shackles which bind the laboring people of this commonwealth.

Second. That we have in Mr. Watson a friend that we know has been tried and has never been found wanting and that he has ever been the most ardent friend of the common people.

Third. That we believe it to be the duty of every farmer and laborer of Georgia and of the South to subscribe for and read his papers known as the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE and the *Weekly Jeffersonian.* Both are in the interests of the common people.

Fourth. That we invite Mr. Watson at his earliest opportunity to address the Farmers' Union at Fitzgerald or some other convenient place.

Fifth. That we send a copy of these resolutions to the *Union News* and the *Weekly Jeffersonian* for publication.

(Signed) J. H. Cantrell,
G. G. Reeves,
Burton Johnson,
B. W. Minshew.
L. H. Porter,
Committee.

Something New Down South in Dixie.

All of a sudden, since the Farmers' Union have begun to name their prices for their cotton, cotton buyers are talking a heap about it taking two to make a trade. How? Now this is a brand new idea with cotton buyers who have for lo, these many

years been naming the prices and cotton growers were forced to take their price. Then it took but one to make the trade. But now the Farmers' Union propose to do their part of the pricing of their own goods and see to it that cotton buyers take their turn at the taking at the producers' prices.

PEACH LEAF CURL DISEASE AND SAN JOSE SCALE.

Remedial Measures Recommended by the State Board of Entomology—Thorough Spraying Advocated—Important.

By R. I. Smith. State Entomologist.

Peach growers in North and Middle Georgia were greatly alarmed last spring by the unusual number of peach trees affected by the Leaf Curl disease. Many orchards were injured so severely that the crop was shortened from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent, and an occasional orchard even more severely. In order that this condition may be prevented this year, the writer wishes to sound a warning to orchardists whose orchards were affected last season. Experiments have shown conclusively that the disease may be almost entirely prevented by the application of proper fungicides early in February. We now know definitely that the best results from spraying for the Leaf Curl are derived by treating the trees fully one month before the blooming period. Hence the reason why this advice is being published at this date. Spraying now, as recommended herein, will, also, control the San Jose scale as well as the Leaf Curl.

Peach Leaf Curl Disease Caused by Fungus.

It may be well to explain briefly the cause of the Leaf Curl disease, so that growers will fully understand why the spraying is of advantage. Leaf Curl is started in spring by spores of a fungus which live over winter on the twigs and around the buds of the peach trees. These spores are microscopic in size, and, of course, cannot be detected with the naked eye, even by the most expert investigators. It is almost certain, however, that these spores are present now on all trees where the disease was observed last year. In one sense the matter of spraying for Leaf Curl may be said to be an insurance, rather than a remedy, for, in some cases, it is impossible to forecast the occurrence of the disease. To wait until the disease appears, is, however, a disastrous practice, for Leaf Curl cannot be stopped after the leaves commence to curl.

Immediate Spraying Necessary.

It should be clearly understood why early spraying is necessary. The reason may be explained briefly as follows:

As stated above, the spores of Leaf Curl live over winter on and around the buds. Application of fungicides kill these external spores. If spraying is delayed until about the time the trees are ready to bloom, the spores may have commenced to germinate, and may have pushed into the unopened buds. After the fungus, arising from the spores, once gains entrance to the buds and attacks the tissue within, no outside application of spray will prevent the disease from developing with the leaf. In other words, the Leaf Curl fungus may get its first start in the unopened buds, and if that occurs the disease will appear in spite of spraying. Experiments have shown that early spraying kills the spores of the fungus before the buds are affected. Where trees are properly sprayed one month before the blooming period the disease may be almost entirely prevented.

Remedial Measures Advocated.

Either Bordeaux mixture or lime-sulphur wash may be used as a spray to prevent Leaf Curl. The former is

the most easily prepared and applied, and we recommend its adoption in all orchards where there is no danger from the San Jose scale. Lime-sulphur wash should be used against Leaf Curl in all orchards where the San Jose Scale is present. Recent experiments in Georgia and other States have shown that the lime-sulphur wash—a proven remedy for the scale—will also prevent Leaf Curl.

Bordeaux Mixture is made by the following formula:

Stone Lime (fresh unslaked)---6 lbs.
Copper Sulphate (bluestone)---4 lbs
Water ----------50 gallons.

Directions for Preparing: Provide three barrels for mixing. Slake the lime with a small amount of water (preferably warm), in one barrel. When the lime is well slaked add water to make 25 gallons.

Next dissolve the bluestone in 25 gallons of water. The easiest manner of dissolving the bluestone is to tie the desired amount in a burlap sack and suspend in 25 gallons of water for a few hours. Or if it is desired to dissolve quickly, grind the bluestone into a fine powder and dissolve in a small amount of warm water. We should now have 25 gallons of lime solution and 25 gallons of bluestone solution.

To prepare the Bordeaux mixture take a bucketful of each solution and pour them simultaneously into the third barrel. As the two solutions unite a very fine light blue precipitate is formed. Bordeaux made by the above plan will stand without settling for a number of hours.

Remember the adage, "An ounce of prevention," etc.

Spray at once! Don't delay!

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 24, 1907.

Educational.

One of the encouraging features of the age is the fast spreading conviction that a farmer should know something else than how to perform the mere physical labor incident to his calling. The old belief that "to plow and to hoe, to reap and to sow" comprised all that was needed in the education of a boy for successful farming is fast becoming a back number. Formerly the farmers, when they believed in education at all, thought that to educate the boy in the rudiments, as we might express it, of a common school education was all that could be needed to make him a successful tiller of the soil. Not a word about the different varieties of soil and their adaptation to the different crops to be grown on them. Not a word about the chemical qualities of fertilizers and their effects, or of the special fertilizers best adapted to different soils and different crops. All these things were entirely left out of the curriculum of the farmer boy's education, and he was expected to follow in the footsteps of his father, or learn by long and bitter experience what would be best to do and when to do it.

The fact that agriculture is a science has been slow to make its way. No one would expect a man to become a successful practitioner of law or medicine with no knowledge of his profession except what could be obtained from a common school education. No father could expect his boy to go from the school room of the former time and at once become a successful engineer. Even the least educated and most poorly informed farmer could see that in order to become successful in any of the professions some training was necessary, but they were unable to see or understand that some special education was needed to make a good farmer. If he knew how to plow a good furrow, to wield the hoe and the scythe, and when it was the proper time to harvest his crops it was not thought that anything else was required.

The fact is, as is now becoming well known and understood, farming

is an exact and exacting science, and the boy or young man who expects to adopt that as his life business needs to be instructed in all that will go to make his calling a success. The time has come, and it is every day becoming more apparent, when one of the vital problems of existence is to know how to make the earth produce the greatest results. The increase of population is constantly adding to the number of mouths to be filled. The same increase is constantly narrowing the area of ariable land that can be controlled by one individual. These two causes working together are hastening the time when it will be not only desirable, but essential to obtain the most from the farms, the gardens and the orchards. Man's comfort and independence, if not his actual existence, must shortly depend on getting the greatest yield from each acre of land that can be devoted to cultivation. The time is vanishing when a farmer can be satisfied with cultivating forty to fifty acres of land to support a small family.

"Let it please thee," wrote old Herod, many centuries ago, "to keep in order a moderate-sized farm, so that thy garners may be full of fruits in their season." And so we say let it please each farmer to know how to get all he can out of his land so that the multitudes may be fed. We make no pretence to a knowledge of farming, and do not assume the capacity to teach it, but we read of what is going on in the world and gather our own inferences. We read of a man who applies the latest scientific methods to farming and gathers double, treble, or quadruple crops from an acre as compared with the old hap-hazard way of cultivation. We can see from these reports how the cultivator who is educated in his business, and who applies to it the latest and most scientific methods gathers much larger crops with less labor in making.

It is because we read what agricultural education is doing for some of the tillers of the soil that we plead for it to become universal as far as possible. Soils differ very much and the same kind of fertilizer is not best suited to all soils. Likewise, different crops require different fertilizers and different soils are best suited to certain crops. All these facts should be taught the youth who expects to farm for a living in order that he may get the best results. We now have agricultural schools in various parts of the country, but they are too few unless their teachings can be supplemented by the common schools, especially in the rural districts. In our opinion a nation of educated farmers means a nation of independent people, and their agricultural education should go on with their other school training.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

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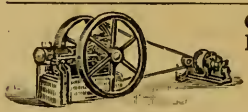

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